The Outlook

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Two Gallant Soldiers

GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD, who recently retired from active service in the Army after forty-four years of efficient military life, went into the World War a major-general and came out of the war a major-general. On the other hand, he went in as the commander of a brigade, and came out as the commander of an army. It is true that the title of Major-General he bore at the time of his retirement denoted that rank in the Regular Army, while that belonging to him during the war was a temporary grade. Nevertheless, and with full allowance for this, it does seem incongruous that the great value of General Bullard's service to the country should not be recognized formally. He was one of the four American generals to hold command, each of an army in the World War, and before he was assigned to the Second Army he led the First Division in all its battles and maneuvers for many months.

General Charles P. Summerall, who succeeds General Bullard in command of the Second Corps Area, remarked at the dinner given in honor of General Bullard by hundreds of his fellow-officers, comrades, and friends on the occasion of his retirement, that "there is a star missing from his shoulder-straps." General Harbord also suggested that the promotion of General Bullard to the rank of lieutenant-general would be a graceful and deserved tribute from the country.

(C) Underwood

Major-General Robert Lee Bullard (left), retiring on reaching the Army age limit, with his successor, Major-General Charles P. Summerall, at Governor's Island, New York

In his address on this occasion General Bullard said, as quoted in newspaper reports, that he had seen a General Staff "created by the brain and established by the hand of Elihu Root," the National Guard "changed from the old-time 'tin soldier' to the war-time 'iron soldier,'" civilian military training established by General Leonard Wood, and reserves organized by General Pershing.

The main part of General Bullard's speech, however, was directed to what he called his "hobby"—National defense. He urged that New York and its vicinity must be prepared for the enemy's main attack if serious war should come; that, in fact, this is the vulnerable spot in our defense. If once an enemy's fleet gets through our naval line, this region might be both blockaded from the sea and separated from the rest of the country by armies landed on the Long Island and New Jersey coasts, where there are many spots inadequately defended. General Bullard gave as his last word of military advice: "Don't let the country in neglecting the defense of this vital region neglect thus the defense of your interests and the security of the whole country."

It is one of the peculiarities of the system of promotion in the Army that General Summerall should move at once from the position of third ranking general in the Army to first, for Major-General Charles G. Morton happens to be of almost the exact age with General Bullard, and two generals therefore retired simultaneously. General Summerall is regarded by all who know his military career as a soldier of excellent capacity and experience and well fitted to succeed to the post held by General Bullard. He has of late been in command of the Hawaiian Department. In the World War he was successively in command of three corps (the Fifth, Ninth, and Fourth), and since that time he has been a member of sev-

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eral important international or special commissions.

Bandits, Old and New Style

ACCUSED of murder, burglary, and jail-breaking, an outlaw was caught again the other day after a long chase. He is a hardened professional criminal—a sort of modern evolution of the old highwayman Jack Shepard type—apparently impossible to keep in jail, cool in a fight, a killer at sight, a desperate man.

Such criminals we shall probably always have from time to time. But there are others—semi-amateurs, one might say—who rush wildly into single crimes of violence and may become professional criminals. It is this class that is making judges, penologists, and the press rightly insistent that the ultimate causes of the growth of brigandage should be sought. When we read of a young girl killing her mother because of attempts to check the girl's night life of dance-hall and vicious excitement; when we see accounts of a young man holding up mail officials and getting away with a mail pouch containing $10,000, and note that when he is arrested he appeals to sentiment and declares that he was stealing for his wife's sake; when we read of a petty burglary netting $130 which ends with the murder by the petty thieves of a shopkeeper—when reports like these are in the newspapers almost every day, we are not surprised to find that the New York State Prison Commission states that there is an alarming increase in crime among boys and quite young men in New York City. This report declares that in order to meet this tendency among lads from sixteen to twenty-one years of age it would be well if one of the great Foundations should take up the matter for study and recommendations.

The report also points out one of the worst features of these crimes by beginners when it says that many of the boys are unconcerned about the seriousness of the situation therein and display, not grief or fear, but bravado. The number of offenses committed by youth of sixteen to twenty-one years of age has increased in two years from 1,559 to 2,328.

It is sometimes said that every age looks back to the past as innocent and moral, forgetting that human nature is much the same all the time. It is true that in the very week we are considering the New York "Herald Tribune" in its column "Twenty Years Ago To-Day," under date of January 19, 1905, solemnly adjures citizens that "it is time for something more than a shake-up in the Police Department" when a woman is robbed in a Fifth Avenue stage at the muzzle of a revolver in the shadow of the Flatiron Building.

But, with due allowance for the fact that crime is always with us, the time has surely come for a thoughtful and careful study of the reasons for the increase. One authority asserts that one reason is that prison conditions are too agreeable to the prisoners, another declares that lack of moral and religious instruction in youth is responsible; another, that the contempt of law and order shown in the violation of the Prohibition Law is a conducing cause; another, that temptations are greater and responsibility less; another, that our judicial system is bad in the ease with which bail may be obtained, in the delays of court procedure, and in too great privilege of appeal.

Judge Talley in a speech at a recent "crime conference" pictured the present day of New York with its armored cars and fully armed guards carrying money and valuables from point to point, contrasting it with the New York of his youth when "it was nothing for girls to carry exposed money in bank books on the streets."

The result of this particular conference was the recommendation by judges who attended it to limit the power of the Parole Board to release criminals after short terms; this and other proposals will be offered at Albany in the form of bills.

New York City is from its size and conditions of life naturally the most sensational example of the prevalence of crimes of violence, but the condition is not local but National, and the problem is complex as well as difficult. That the people both of city and country must treat it seriously and drastically is certain.

Hoover Stays Put

WHEN President Coolidge asked Secretary of Commerce Hoover to become Secretary of Agriculture after March 4, he offered him a promotion. That fact may be a surprise to many. The Secretary of Commerce sits on the President's right, but at the very bottom of the table. The Secretary of Agriculture sits on the left, but one seat nearer the President. The Department of Agriculture is older by a decade than the Department of Commerce. The President evidently believes that at this particular time it is more important. Secretary Hoover apparently does not share this view, as he declined the promotion.

For some time past it has been apparent that President Coolidge relies upon Secretary Hoover in considerable measure for counsel in matters pertaining to agriculture. Clearly, he is interested in promoting the business side of farming. His desire to have Mr. Hoover at the head of that Department grew out of his wish to promote agricultural distribution and financing. He has intimated more than once recently that a farm marketing bill might well be passed at this session of Congress, and his Commission of Agricultural Inquiry has indicated in its preliminary report that it will recommend such a measure.

Mr. Hoover, in declining the promotion to the Secretaryship of Agriculture, expressed the view that the farmers' distribution problems can best be solved as a part of the general problem of the country rather than as a special agricultural problem. Whether this view is accepted or not, it is probable that Mr. Hoover can serve even the agricultural interests better by remaining Secretary of Commerce than by becoming Secretary of Agriculture. Useful as he has been to the Government, he has not always been popular with all farmers, mainly on account of the wheat price situation during the war, for which many farmers hold him, as Food Administrator, responsible. From many points of view he is doubtless wise in the determination to remain where he is. Nevertheless Mr. Hoover would have brought the Department of Agriculture within the focus of many minds that now hardly know that it exists and would have made it serve a new and needed purpose.

The incident, however, serves to indicate that, in comparison with his predecessors, President Coolidge is giving a distinctively large place to the agricultural programme.

A New Secretary from the New Camp

EVERETT SANDERS, the man who might have been Vice-President but for an old Indiana political row in which he had no primary part, becomes private secretary to President Coolidge, and during the next four years will probably exert a more active if less dignified influence over affairs than if he had been

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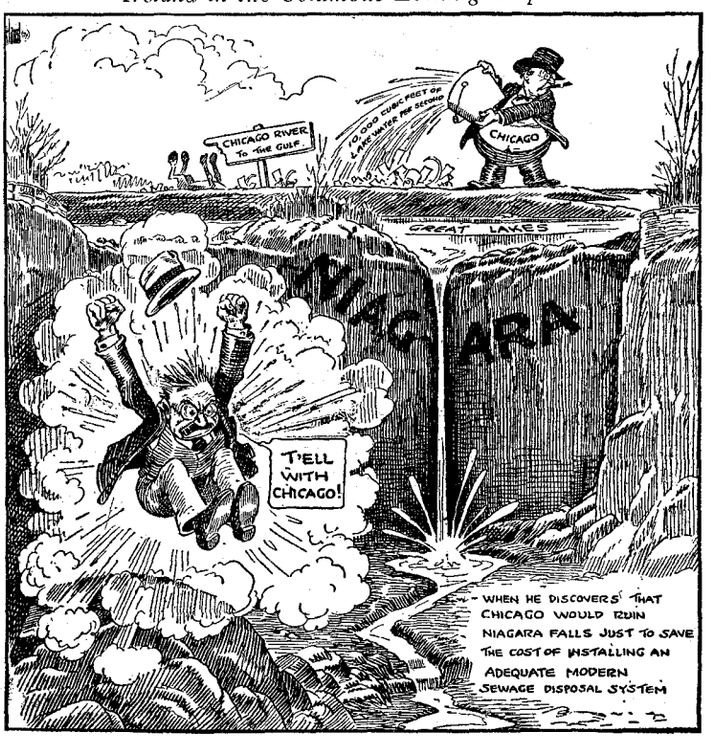
Hath he won the commons' hearts

(2 Henry VI, Act III, Scene 1)

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch


CHICAGO RIVER TO THE GULF
10,000 CUBIC FEET OF LAKE WATER PER SECOND
CHICAGO
GREAT LAKES
NIAGARA
T'ELL WITH CHICAGO!
WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT CHICAGO WOULD RUIN NIAGARA FALLS JUST TO SAVE THE COST OF INSTALLING AN ADEQUATE MODERN SEWAGE DISPOSAL SYSTEM

A picture of the average American citizen—

From Mrs. H. H. Metters, Columbus, Ohio

Darling in the Hartford Times

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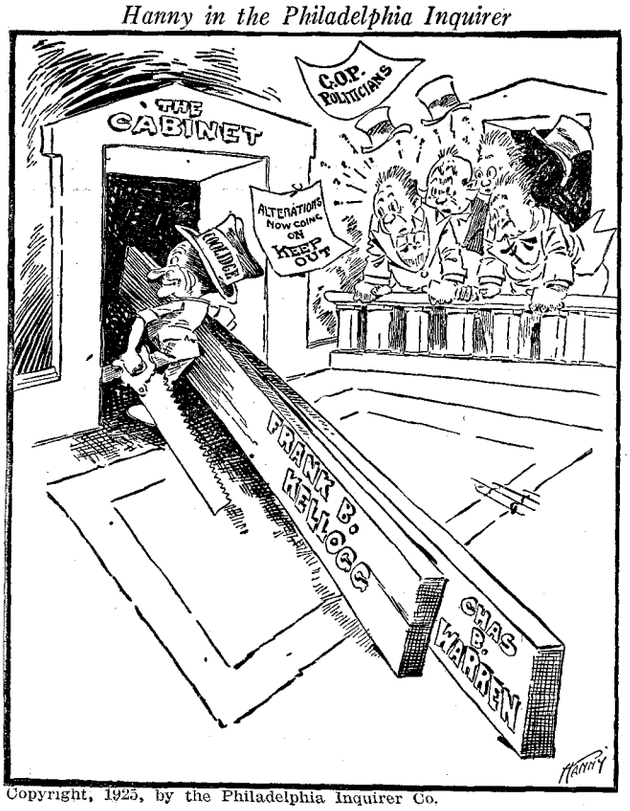
It's a poor father that won't set a good example for the rest of the family

From Elsa M. Smith, Windsor, Connecticut

Hanny in the Philadelphia Inquirer



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Will do his own building

From the Rev. I. P. Emerick, Flourtown, Pennsylvania

Sykes in the Kansas City Star

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"No, ma'am!"

From M. M. Ferris, Kansas City, Missouri

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given the second place on the ticket at Cleveland last June.

C. Bascom Slemp retires to devote himself to the practice of law—a course of action becoming rather common in the official family at Washington these latter days.

Mr. Sanders, who has been a member of Congress from Indiana since 1917, brings to the office one of the primary qualifications which made Mr. Slemp so valuable to President Coolidge—familiarity with the proper points of contact between the White House and the halls of Congress. If he has an influence less wide than that of Mr. Slemp over the delegate-making machinery of States, that sort of service is not so immediately needed now as it was when Mr. Slemp came to sit at the President's right elbow.

Mr. Sanders's career has been of the sort that takes up little space in the current biography books. He taught school, practiced law, came to Congress. He has been the hard-working rather than the loud-speaking kind of Congressman. Though comparatively new among the leaders of the lower house, he some time ago established his reputation as one of the best parliamentarians in that body. Those who have watched Congress with the point of parliamentary dexterity in mind say that Longworth surpasses Sanders in experience but not in acumen, and that Garrett, of Tennessee, is probably the only man in the House who might be called his superior. He will have, perhaps, little occasion for the exercise of parliamentary knowledge in his new position, but the habit of mind which made him a parliamentarian will continue a serviceable asset.

Those who closely followed the Republican National Convention last summer may remember that at one time Mr. Sanders apparently had the support of enough large delegations to give him the nomination for Vice-President if the delegation of his own State had supported him. That delegation, however, was instructed for Senator Watson, who declined to release it. Sanders had trained in the political camp of Postmaster-General New, which was at the time of the Convention and still is the Administration camp. New and Watson have not been friendly since New was defeated for the Republican nomination for United States Senator by Beveridge with the alleged assistance of Watson.

(©) Underwood

Everett Sanders, to succeed C. Bascom Slemp as secretary to President Coolidge

Beveridge was in turn defeated by Ralston, the Democrat, and the Watson people said that the New forces were not displeased with the result.

All of this is said to have resulted in a determination on the part of Postmaster-General New to prevent the re-election of Watson in 1926, and long-range political forecasters see in the selection of Sanders as private secretary to the President a sign that he will be the New-Administration candidate for Senator from Indiana. It will be recalled that Mr. Sanders did not seek re-election to the House of Representatives at the last election.

P. & A. Photos

Alanson B. Houghton Succeeding Ambassador Kellogg at the Court of St. James's, London

To the Court of St. James's

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON is transferred from Berlin to London to supply the place made vacant by the elevation of Frank B. Kellogg to the Secretaryship of State.

As Ambassador to Germany Mr. Houghton has served creditably at a difficult post. The Government to which he was accredited was in chaos when he arrived. True, the whirlpool has not yet stopped whirling, but some beginning toward a restoration of order has been made, and Mr. Houghton had his not unimportant part in it. The knowledge that he had gained of conditions in Germany greatly assisted the work of the experts who brought about the Dawes Plan of rehabilitation. Without the work which Houghton did Dawes and Young and their associates might not have been able to do their work.

Nor will the knowledge which Mr. Houghton has gained at Berlin be less useful in his new work as Ambassador to Great Britain. In a large way, the vexed problem of financial adjustments between nations which were the opponents of Germany will be worked out in London. The Ambassador of the nation which is the largest creditor of most of them will be a particularly important figure. The opportunity is Mr. Houghton's of serving not his own country merely but most of the great Governments of Europe. The leading minds of Great Britain recognize his worth in this relationship and are pleased at the prospect of his coming.

Perhaps no other Ambassador now serving the United States has had such thorough discipline in business as has Mr. Houghton. He has been during the greater part of his active life a large manufacturer. He has been a politician, but not a professional one. He was twice a Republican elector. He was a Republican Representative in two Congresses, resigning his seat to become Ambassador to Germany. His educational attainments are high. A graduate of Harvard, he studied in both German and French universities.

If anything can impair his usefulness at London, it will be the undue influence of his stay in Berlin upon his judgment

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and sympathies. Undoubtedly he himself is aware of that, as the President must have been before appointing him.

Tut and the Tourists

THE Tutankhamen tourist season is about to open at Luxor. The attractions offered are great, and the lateness of the invitation to tourists has been unavoidable, say the managers. In addition to the usual obstacle of tropical heat there has been an even more serious difficulty in the quarrels and litigations among the owners and the managers of this pleasure area.

It will be remembered that Mr. Howard Carter, who was at the head of Lord Carnarvon's exploration in Egypt, was unable after Lord Carnarvon's death to maintain agreeable relations with the Government of Egypt, which has the courts in its favor and owns the tomb. At all events, Mr. Carter found that the obstacles put in his path were so great that he could not proceed with any degree of satisfaction to his own feeling of what was right and desirable. A long interval has been occupied with litigations and negotiations. A recent decision by the Egyptian courts led to the cancellation of the contract originally made with Lord Carnarvon. Nothing seemed left for Mr. Carter other than either to abandon his work—and there is no one living nearly so well qualified as he to do this work—or to accept the terms offered by the Egyptian Government.

The matters in dispute are not entirely clear. Mr. Carter charged the Public Works Department with putting all sorts of restrictions on him and with being exceedingly discourteous. He thinks that the methods of giving out news and pictures (through one newspaper combination) and of admissions to the tomb were unfair to the public. There was also a question as to the disposition of the works of art and historic interest discovered and to be discovered.

Now work will begin at once. Hordes of American and other travelers are already centering on the spot where Tutankhamen has been in repose for over thirty centuries and upon whose mummy the eyes of man have not even yet rested There remain the exciting and solemn duty of opening the mummy case within the sarcophagus (the lid of the latter has already been lifted) and the solution among other things of the questions whether Tutankhamen died a beardless boy or a young man, whether he was slain in battle or died of disease, and whether there were buried with him treasures of jewels, precious relics, and papyri containing historical records.

The short season of searching and discovery now left will have an element of suspense and curiosity almost if not quite equal to that of the earlier days of this famous discovery by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter. The first volume of what might be called an ancient serial story has been excellently told by Mr. Carter; the second volume, bringing the story down to the opening of the sepulchral chamber, should be, we suppose, now about ready to be given to the public. The events of the next few months will provide material for still a third volume.

P. & A. Photos

Dr. Hans Luther, Germany's new Chancellor

Luther's Hard Road

EARLY last week Hans Luther, the new German Chancellor, succeeding Marx, got together a Cabinet at last. How long the Cabinet will endure nobody can say. Apparently very few anticipate a long life for it, and some seemed to think that it might fall to pieces very soon.

Chancellor Luther himself is attached to no party. That is what has made him available at this time of pulling and hauling. On the other hand, it has made him an object of attack from various quarters. The Nationalists protest against his use of the word "Republic" in reference to Germany; and the Communists are charging the new Ministry with the design of placing Germany's burdens on the backs of the working people. The situation has afforded an opportunity for a play upon the Chancellor's name, for one Communist shouted at the Chancellor the remark addressed to Martin Luther when he confronted his accusers at another parliament, the ecclesiastical Diet at Worms: "Little Monk, thou goest upon a rough road."

It is reported that there is even Nationalist support for Luther's promise to observe the provisions of the Dawes Plan, and that the belief is general in the Allied Governments that he means to fulfill it. The German bluff about repudiating the Dawes Plan because of the refusal of the Allies to evacuate the Cologne bridgehead seems to have been dropped.

The Dance on Muscle Shoals

THERE is a story of a man who went to sleep in the shade of a tree and slept the clock around twice, then insisted that he had only dozed for an instant, as the sun was exactly where it had been when he drowsed into unconsciousness. Something like that occurred to The Outlook with regard to last week's comment on Muscle Shoals legislation. The Underwood Bill was passed by the Senate when the paper went to press—the Underwood Bill is passed by the Senate now. But any one who may imagine that it occupied that secure position through the week misses the most remarkable feat of parliamentary acrobatics that the modern world, at least, has witnessed.

After the Underwood Bill was passed

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Courtesy of the Shubert Theatre, New York City

Walter Hampden as Othello

by the Senate in Committee of the Whole, it was rejected for the Jones Bill placing the Shoals problem in the hands of a commission to be investigated for a year. Then the Jones Bill was rejected and the Norris Government Operation Bill was approved. And finally the Norris Bill was again displaced by the Underwood Leasing Bill.

No sillier-sounding piece of legislative business can be imagined. But Mark Twain is credited with having said that Wagner's music is not really as bad as it sounds. The United States Senate, by a similar token, is not always as foolish as it legislates. In this quadruple nose spin there was some fine parliamentary generalship. For every seemingly silly move "there was a reason." Neither the public nor the press gallery—nor, for that matter, most of the Senators on the

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loor—knew at the time exactly what the eason was. They may not fully know iow, but something of the reasonableness of the illogical glimmers through.

The Underwood Bill began its career is an Administration measure. So it continued until the Christmas recess. After that a rumor began to go about hat the Administration forces favored eaving the whole matter in the hands of a commission for a year's study preparatory to disposition of the power rights. Senator Underwood and his friends reused to credit the report that the President had withdrawn his support of the Underwood Bill. Nobody could establish the fact that he had. But the Jones Bill, providing for a commission, was offered as a substitute for the Underwood Bill and received the votes of some Administration Senators who previously had voted for the Underwood Bill against the Norris Bill. The Jones Bill overbore the Underwood Bill.

The Underwood forces thereupon executed a quick flank attack by switching to the Norris Government Operation Bill and put it over. In effect they said to the deserting Senators, "You can have the Underwood Bill, which you dislike, or the Norris Bill, which you dislike a great deal more." So the deserting Senators came back on the reservation, as whipped Indians should. And that's why the Senate made a toe dance or a nose spin, or whatever it may be called, on Muscle Shoals.

The task of adjustment with the House bill is in progress.

A Bank of Boys

THE Boys' Savings Bank is not a terra-cotta pig.

It is a real financial institution, conducted by boys for boys. Grown-ups come into its affairs only in an advisory capacity, but they esteem that indirect connection so highly that the Boys' Bank has become the cement of community life around Mauriceville, Texas, where the bank was founded ten years ago. Practically all the boys in this farming community are both stockholders and depositors, and, because parents are more interested in what their children do than in what they do themselves, active and abiding interest in the bank is manifested by the business men of the village, the farmers of the community, and the women both of the village and the outlying country.

The Boys' Savings Bank now has a paid-in capital stock of $6,198, and the price of such shares as change hands ranges from $8 to $10, which means, on a par of 100, from 133 to 166. The shares (at $6 each) were originally paid for by boys from eight years old upward, in installments of ten cents a month.

It may be said that the "county agent"—that tireless missionary of better farming technically known as the county farm demonstration agent—furnished the inspiration for the enterprise, but the boys themselves conceived the idea and carried it into execution. This agent interested the boys in making an acre of ground produce more than their fathers could get from it. In the end the boys wanted to know more than the county agent could teach them, and began trying to save money against the day when they should be old enough to go to college. They hit upon the idea of a bank. Fortunately, the people of Mauriceville community had sense enough not to laugh at them. Instead, the county agent, a general merchant, and others gave them good financial advice, and, sitting around the stove in the schoolhouse, they worked out a plan of organization, elected boy officers, and went to work. In a short time they were able to lend the School Board enough money to repaint the schoolhouse.

The schoolhouse was the banking house for several years. Then the assets of the bank became large enough to warrant buying a safe and establishing a real banking house. The merchant who was one of the godfathers of the institution gave the use of a back room of his store for the purpose, and there the bank remains.

For Emulation, Not Imitation

THE business of the Boys' Savings Bank is conducted much as that of any other bank. The main difference is that it changes officers more frequently. When a boy becomes a man, he automatically becomes ineligible to hold office in the Boys' Savings Bank and is replaced by his "kid brother" or some other boy of the neighborhood.

During the ten years of its existence this unique bank has enabled many boys to go to college, has given a great many others the right sort of start in business or farming, has given financial assistance to the community in public enterprises, has pulled farmers through tight places, and generally has exerted an upbuilding influence. Its future seems assured. "Time and eternity alone," says an official of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, "can reveal the results of this movement."

And all of this has come about at a typically rural crossroads village. Mauriceville, materially, consists of a railroad station, a store, a post office, a hotel, a rice warehouse, six residences, and a church. But Mauriceville, spiritually, is "no mean city." It has done what no other city in the United States—or in the world, so far as we know—has ever successfully attempted.

Should its example be emulated? Probably it is no more desirable to load young shoulders with the burdens of banking than with those of any other lines of work commonly borne upon mature backs. Boys' savings banks would not succeed in all communities as this one has succeeded. Nobody, perhaps, would suggest that communities generally undertake the establishment of boys' banks. But none the less there is something for general emulation in this thing. That something is encouragement and sane direction of the plans and aspirations of our young folk. One adult cynic, with a single sneer, probably could have killed the Boys' Savings Bank of Mauriceville at its birth. Probably mature cynicism is killing incipient enterprises capable of equal success and service in innumerable communities.

Mauriceville is an example for America in tolerance and helpfulness toward the big ideas of little people.

Hampden's Othello

THE American stage has cause to be proud of Walter Hampden, who follows his fine production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" with the tragedy of "Othello." In his dignified and musical delivery of the lines, in his physical presence, in the company which supports him, and in the manner in which the play is staged the performance is worthy of a Shakespearean drama. Mr. Hampden is impressive in his speech to the Senators; he rises to the climax of the play and is superb in the scene of his death. Baliol Holloway, an English actor, who came to America especially to play Iago in this production, shares the honors which the star generously admitted on the opening night belonged to the "ancient," the honest Iago. And Mr. Holloway does not make the mis-

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take of looking the villain; he is no black-bearded Mephistopheles carrying his rascality upon his face; but is apparently honest and open of countenance. This helps almost to make plausible the fact that this greatest villain of the English drama succeeds in imposing upon so many folk.

"Othello," perhaps more than any other Shakespearean tragedy, and certainly more than "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," or "Romeo and Juliet," puts a severe strain upon the credulity of a modern audience. The plots of the others hang together; except for the usual conventions of the theater, which we all tacitly agree to accept when we go into a playhouse, we can believe that their characters would act thus and so in the given conditions. But would an Iago, however "honest" to all appearance, be able with such ease to work his devilries upon all whom he chose as his victims? Would Othello become instantly so suspicious of the gentle lady he loved so well? Would he act so violently upon such silly evidence, unless the dramatist, for the sake of his plot, forced him to it?

In none of the plays mentioned above do questions like these rise with such force; no other of the great Elizabethan dramas so often appears artificial. Iago, skillfully acted as he is in this production, often seems the preposterous villain of melodrama.

One reason for this may be in the retention of those rhymed couplets to announce an exit, or the end of a scene, like:

> This is the night
> That either makes me or fordoes me quite.

These had a purpose on the stage in Shakespeare's time; they have none today, and sound painfully like rant.

Finishing the War Job

JANUARY 14, 1925, may prove to be a date worth remembering in American history. On that day a delegate of the United States signed the protocol of an agreement with the representatives of ten other Powers that commits all concerned, including the United States, to the finish of what the war began.

When the Armistice brought active hostilities to an end, there were two duties before the Allied Powers. The first and foremost duty was to make sure that the defeat of Germany was a real defeat. The second duty was to devise some means, if possible, to prevent the recurrence of the catastrophe that Germany had willed.

Unfortunately, the second duty was placed first. It was one involving differences of opinion amounting at times to violent disagreement. To undertake it meant to enter upon a period of debate and dissension not only between nations but within nations. The spirit of union which had been developed under the experience of a common hardship suffered from the consequent disagreements. Allies that had joined their forces in repelling the assault upon them began to pull apart before their victory was secured.

For many months it seemed as if Germany's venture were, after all, to prove to be a profitable enterprise. If in the end Germany, who had coldly calculated to leave her neighbors ruined while she herself might emerge comparatively unscathed, were going to avoid the consequences of her aggression, what would it profit if her victims made high-sounding declarations against future aggressors? Inch by inch, ell by ell, Germany got the area of her responsibility reduced. She made the most of the dissensions in the Allied ranks.

At length France made her stand against further retreat. If her allies would not back her, she would stand alone. And she entered the Ruhr.

From that time on, strange as it may seem, the spirit of unity among the nations began to grow stronger. Out of that spirit of unity there came, at the suggestion of America, the Dawes Plan; and now comes the agreement made at Paris in which is recognized the common interest of all the Allies in the reparation which Germany is both technically and morally bound to make for the injury and the cost which she has caused them.

It is true, as Secretary Hughes has said, that the agreement which James A. Logan, Jr., signed at Paris does not commit the United States to any course of action in case Germany should not make the contemplated payments. It is true that this is not a treaty, and therefore does not bind the United States to any policy or modify any treaty right. It is true that it simply provides, according to custom, for the distribution of the payments that are made. It nevertheless reasserts the unity of the nations in what during the war was, and since the war ought to have been, a common cause.

That is the reason for the loud complaints that have been raised against this arrangement. Those who want to let Germany off easily and exact the last sou from France do not relish the thought that Germany may, after all, have to pay for what she did, even though she cannot pay it all. Of course there is in this no entanglement for us in European affairs. Becoming involved in a complicated plan to meet future contingencies did for a while entangle us in European affairs. There are many Americans who think we ought to have been so entangled. But to take our place beside our allies in seeing through what we began is not being entangled and those who are opposed to entanglement ought to see that clearly.

The Child Labor Amendment

IT seems very possible that the proposed Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution may be defeated. If it is defeated, the condition which gave rise to it will have to be dealt with in another way. Child labor, in fact, constitutes only a part of that condition. The chief defect in the Amendment now before the States for ratification is that it deals somewhat drastically with a symptom, instead of removing its cause.

Even if the Child Labor Amendment is adopted, the cause which gave rise to it will partly remain and will give rise to other proposals for amending the Constitution.

That cause is the defenselessness of the several States against unfair mutual competition.

With respect to child labor this condition of defenselessness is well stated in an editorial in the Chattanooga "News," as follows:

> There are a few States which have utterly inadequate child labor laws. Most of them have excellent legislation. We are glad to say that Tennessee is among this latter class. The Child Labor Amendment would not impose any alien restrictions rough shod on Tennessee. But it would curb the excesses of the manufacturers of some of our neighboring States. And by so doing, the manufacturers of Tennessee would be put on a plane of equal opportunity with those of our neighbors and thereby would be benefited.

It was the condition that is thus described which the law passed in 1916 by Congress was designed to remove. B

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Bill Adams Gets an Invitation

The Outlook Company,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York,
January 5, 1925.

DEAR BILL—On my office wall is a large-scale map of the United States. It is big enough to show at one end the little town where I have my country home and the town of Modesto at the other.

Looking at this broad map, I realized that, after all, we are just a nation of villagers wherever we live, in New York or Chicago, in Cornwall or Modesto. The things which interest us most are the things that interest villagers. We are a lot more concerned over Bill Smith's dog and Sarah Jones's bonnet than we are over the Versailles Treaty or the Chinese Republic. It is the human touch on little things which makes our daily lives worth while. The villagers gather at the railroad station to see the 10:30 rush by because it carries a train-load of human beings. New Yorkers gather over the edge of the excavation to watch the foundations of a great sky-scraper because it is the work of fellow human beings. They gather in hundreds beside a Ford with a punctured tire because it represents a catastrophe within the bounds of their own human experience.

You in California with your knowledge of men who labor and are heavy laden, with your fingers close to the soil, with a heart big enough to understand common grief and joy and yet with a sense of detachment which permits you to stand aside and measure things according to their true worth, calibrated to stellar distances, ought to do even more than you are doing to make us all understand the world we live in.

As you have already confessed to Outlook readers, you are out of a job. How would you like the experiment of writing for The Outlook a frequent letter of about a thousand words which would be a neighborly greeting to all your fellow-villagers within The Outlook circle?

I would like to have you tell them of the things that interest you in Modesto. If they are properly handled, they will interest people in Cornwall too. I would like to have your contribution *common*, in the Lincolnian sense of that word, and its commonness need not exclude Polaris nor Leviathan, nor any dog.

Your contribution might sometimes take the form of a reminiscence of the salt seas; it might sometimes be a series of short, epigrammatic comments on life; it might contain hints as to your ideals for American communities. It should always be written from the point of view of a man acquainted both with grief and joy.

Will you take this assignment?

Cordially yours,
HAROLD T. PULSIFER.

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242 Kimble Street, Modesto,
January 9, 1925.

MY DEAR PULSIFER—I am not sure of his name, but think that it was Regulus.[1] Maybe it was not. It's a long time ago, and my Roman history is very rusty. He was hoeing turnips when men came to tell him that he was to be dictator. I always wondered if he finished the row he was hoeing at the time.

He did not feel any humbler, but doubtless a great deal braver than I felt when your letter came this afternoon. I suppose he knelt down to pray to Jupiter and those other comical old idols. I do not know just how to talk to you this evening, and shall not try to do so till the morning. The Gauls are not at the gate.

I feel like a small boy in the company of my teachers; somewhat fearful, very shy, not very brave; most conscious of littleness and ignorance. Lyman Abbott is not with you in person, but I have no doubt that you oftentimes feel a presence that is gone.

I have two jobs to do this evening. First, I have to make a cake, for the making of cake falls to me beneath this rooftree. Then I will go over and tell Jim of your letter. Jim is as blind as a bat, blind as a stone. He has been so for over a dozen years. He has never seen me, and when first we met I took his hand and rubbed it over my shoulders, and down my arms, and across my chest, and over the baldish spot (not quite bald) on my pate, so that he might know something of me. I never realized fully what blindness must be till when we walked together one evening he asked me, "Bill, is it dark yet?" And I tried to tell him how the saffron and the gold over the westward hills looked, and how the clouds shone. Jim takes a lot of interest in me. Your letter will give him much enthusiasm and pleasure. He will say, "Bill, that's great!" He will puff up a little with pride, as it were, himself. I shall turn my own pride over to him; for I have no right to any, and a blind man should be privileged.

I will try to reply to your letter tomorrow. Now I must make the cake.

BILL.

Of course I don't really make the cake. I beat the eggs, and stir in the raisins and butter and flour and so forth, under directions. But it is always spoken of as my cake. I did make it once myself, and made it rather queerly, and the cake lasted a very long time. But it makes me puff up a little when any one calls and the folks say, "This is Bill's cake." I never deny it. People say, "Isn't Bill versatile?"

[1] You are wrong, Bill.

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that law Congress did not attempt to regulate child labor within the States, but simply barred from inter-State commerce child-made goods, and thus provided for the State that had proper child labor laws the protection which under the Constitution it could not provide for itself.

There was very good reason for believing that Congress had the power to enact such a law. This is shown by the fact that four out of nine Judges of the United States Supreme Court handed down the opinion that it had. The decision rendered by the majority of the Court that Congress had no such power seems to us still one of the most serious errors of that august but not infallible body. The power of Congress over inter-State commerce is undeniable. This decision limited that power in such a way as to leave—needlessly, it seems to us—a wrong without a remedy.

The wrong is unfair competition. The remedy lies in the power to regulate inter-State commerce. The way to apply the remedy to the wrong now is to authorize Congress explicitly to exercise its power over inter-State commerce for the purpose of preventing unfair competition.

Child labor is not the only thing that occasions unfair competition. The Supreme Court itself indicated some other causes of unfair competition in these words: "In some of the States laws have been passed fixing minimum wages for women, in others the local law regulates the hours of labor of women in various employments. Business done in such States may be at an economic disadvantage when compared with States which have no such regulations." It is this

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fact, cited by the Court only to be dismissed as outside the province of Congressional power over inter-State commerce, which is part of the condition that is without remedy unless Congress has power to remedy it.

It is not necessary in order to remedy this condition that Congress should legislate directly concerning industrial conditions within the States; but it is necessary that it should have power over the inter-State commerce in goods other than those produced or manufactured by child labor. If the Child Labor Amendment goes too far in providing for Federal legislation on subjects that ought to be left to the States, it does not go far enough in protecting States which have not only good child labor laws but good industrial laws generally.

We have expressed the opinion that the Child Labor Amendment ought to be adopted. It certainly should be if the choice is between that and nothing. Children should be protected against the wrong of labor under improper conditions; and if they are not to be protected by the States, they should be protected by the Nation. But if the Amendment is rejected, the way should be open for an amendment giving to Congress the power which the Court denied it. It should provide that Congress should have power so to regulate inter-State commerce as to protect those States which conform to certain standards of industrial legislation against the competition of those States that do not meet such standards. Such an amendment would not interfere with the legislative powers of the several States, but would make certain that the game of commerce among the several States would be played fairly, and that no State would be penalized for progress.

The Outlook's Great Refusal

IN the dusk of a winter evening, when the editorial rooms of The Outlook were almost deserted, there appeared an antique figure. No one saw him enter, there was no knock at the door and no swinging of hinges. The strange figure paused. In the half-light could dimly be discerned the deep-set crow's-feet that come to those who gaze much at sun upon the water. He stood with his feet braced as sailors stand who know the ways of rolling decks upon the sea. He fixed his gaze upon the only remaining editor, bowed with Latin grace as he doffed his cap, and said in the tone of one accustomed to command:

"I come, sir, to tell you the Secret of my Success."

The editor blinked and asked, "Your name, sir."

"My name," said the visitor, "is Christopher Columbus. I don't want my Message to be lost for the younger generation. I want them to know how I achieved my Fame; how I overcame Obstacles; how I Triumphed."

"The younger generation," the editor replied, "has read much of you in school, and there is a worthy organization which has insisted that your natal day be made a public holiday in many parts of our land."

"Pooh!" said Columbus; "what does the younger generation know of my ideals? A broken egg, the Queen's jewels, a voyage or two, chains, death. They know nothing of the Urge that drove me forth upon my perilous ventures."

"There have been rumors, Mr. Columbus," said the editor, "that yours was a commercial undertaking; that you searched for spices, gold, and the trade of the Indies. That you didn't know what you had found when you found it."

The visitor's eyes flashed. "A base libel, sir," he said. "When I set sail, I carried in my doublet these papers," and he drew forth a sheaf of yellowed parchments and spread them out on a desk. "These," he said, "if you glance through them, will show you a little of what I had in mind."

The editor picked up the parchments and read the following headings:

Rules for Health, drawn up by Christopher Columbus at the age of eight.

Plan for Achieving Fame, prepared by Christopher Columbus at the age of eleven.

Essay on what the Old World Needs and How to Supply It, written by Christopher Columbus at the age of thirteen and a half.

Paper on What to Do with the New World When I Find It, outlined by Christopher Columbus at the age of seventeen.

Columbus drew another sheaf of documents from his pocket. "These," he said, "will show you how completely I had worked out my plan for utilizing and developing my discovery before I even left the coast of Europe."

The documents were labeled "Papers Carried by Christopher Columbus on the Santa Maria," and their titles were certainly varied enough to suit the taste of any man. The editor scanned them hastily and read:

Programme for Lewis and Clark Expedition.

The Best Location for Chicago.

Traffic Regulations for New York.

Air Routes from Coast to Coast.

Suggested Methods of Enforcing National Prohibition.

The editor opened his eyes wide, or thought he did. "Pardon me, Mr. Columbus, weren't you a bit previous with some of these plans?"

"Not at all," Columbus said, sternly. "To achieve Success you must map out the whole future in advance; you must grasp the significance of every detail; you must leave nothing to chance. You must be the first at your desk in the morning and the last to leave at night. You must save your pennies; you must choose well your associates; you must know the proper fork to use for your salad. Whatever your task, whether it be licking postage stamps or commanding a ship, you must do it just a little better than the next man. You must"—

"Pardon me, Mr. Columbus," said the editor, "but where are you headed now? Do I understand that you wish to write the story of your life for The Outlook?"

"Exactly," said Columbus. "I have come back to earth to set the beacon light of my Achievement before the young Americans who have peopled the land which owes its discovery to me."

"I see," said the editor, "that you have a vast knowledge of our country and the type of literature which passes for wisdom in this twentieth century of ours. Perhaps you do not know, however, that we have certain periodicals that specialize in just the type of Message that you have to give. Take the elevator in this very building, and you will find the editorial office of a magazine where you will be welcomed with open arms. Success is its watchword and Messages its daily meat. The magazine," said the editor, "is called the 'Amer' "—

Before he could finish his sentence Christopher Columbus broke in. "I need no elevator," he said, and there was a swish of his cloak in the air and he vanished through the ceiling.

The editor rubbed his eyes and listened. The fading swish turned into the regular swish of the cleaner's broom in the corridor outside. The editor rubbed

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his eyes again and spoke. "Well," said he, "I seem to have foregone a Great Feature that might have added a million circulation to The Outlook.

"Anyhow," he added, patriotically, "I am certain that *now* it will not be lost to a Waiting Nation."

We advise our readers to watch for an early announcement of Columbus's own story of his Success. It will not, however, we make bold to say, appear in these pages.

The New French Ambassador at Washington

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

FOR more than two decades M. Jusserand has fulfilled the duties of French Ambassador at Washington with remarkable intelligence, tact, and competence. A man still in the prime of life, more than any other Ambassador from the European Continent he has really become one of us, and thus has strengthened the friendliness between his country and ours as have none others. We had all hoped for further years of his residence among us. Yet the French Foreign Office doubtless feels that his term of service has been long enough for one place. That may be all very well for the French Foreign Office, but for many of us Washington will no longer be the same place without the inspiring presence of M. and Mme. Jusserand.

It is possible that better than any one in the French diplomatic service M. Emile Daeschner is marked as one who could continue his predecessor's work.

Sixty-one years old, born of an Alsatian family, as is his wife, the new French Ambassador at Washington is a Protestant, as she is. He is rather tall. His shoulders are slightly bent. His face seems a little stern in its precise, clear-cut outline. His eye takes in every detail of men, minds, things. A quiet, reserved, almost shy manner, a bit cautious at first; an intelligent grasp of what is going on and perfect discretion as to comment on it. Yet withal a courteous, kindly smile, a sympathetic man. He challenges your confidence. I talked with him to-day, and liked him much.

He is no diplomatic novice, taken out of the ranks of business or professional life because the French Government wishes thus to honor some outstanding personality there. Emile Daeschner began his career thirty-seven years ago in the French Foreign Office, and remained there fifteen years. He gradually rose to be Under-Chief, then Chief Adjunct of Cabinet. In 1898 he was named to a secretaryship at the London Embassy, where, under the orders of Paul Cambon, the greatest diplomat of the Third Republic, he busied himself along with M. de Fleuriau, now nominated as Ambassador at London, in negotiations which resulted finally in 1904 in the Anglo-French *entente cordiale*. The nomination of M. Daeschner at Washington and of M. de Fleuriau at London, the two principal collaborators of the great master of French diplomacy, indicates that the present French Government desires to have the two living men who were responsible for that large and generous policy fill the two most important diplomatic posts.

International

M. Daeschner, the new French Ambassador to the United States, at extreme left; front row (right to left), Marshal Joffre, Marshal Foch, Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France

In 1905 M. Rouvier, French Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, chose M. Daeschner as Director of his Cabinet, and so well did the latter succeed, especially in the difficult Morocco situation, that M. Sarrien kept him in that position. Afterwards M. Daeschner was made Councilor of Embassy at Madrid and then at London. In 1912 he became M. Poincaré's Chief of Cabinet, and when M. Poincaré was elected President became Minister at Lisbon. However, M. Poincaré recalled him to go with him on his famous journey to Russia. In 1920 M. Daeschner became Minister to Rumania. Here he aided vitally in constructing the Little Entente, particularly smoothing out the points of friction between Rumania and Jugoslavia. In 1922 he returned to Paris to become Director of Administrative and Technical Affairs in the French Foreign Office.

The discerning choice of M. Daeschner indicates that if M. Jusserand must leave Washington, it is our good fortune that he should be followed by one who for a quarter of a century has shown creative ability, energy, and tact in dealing with great international problems.

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A Neighborly

"The Spanish Mantilla" (Miss Lynn Fontaine), by W. G. de Glehn, A.R.A.

Photographs by Peter A. Juley & Son. Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City

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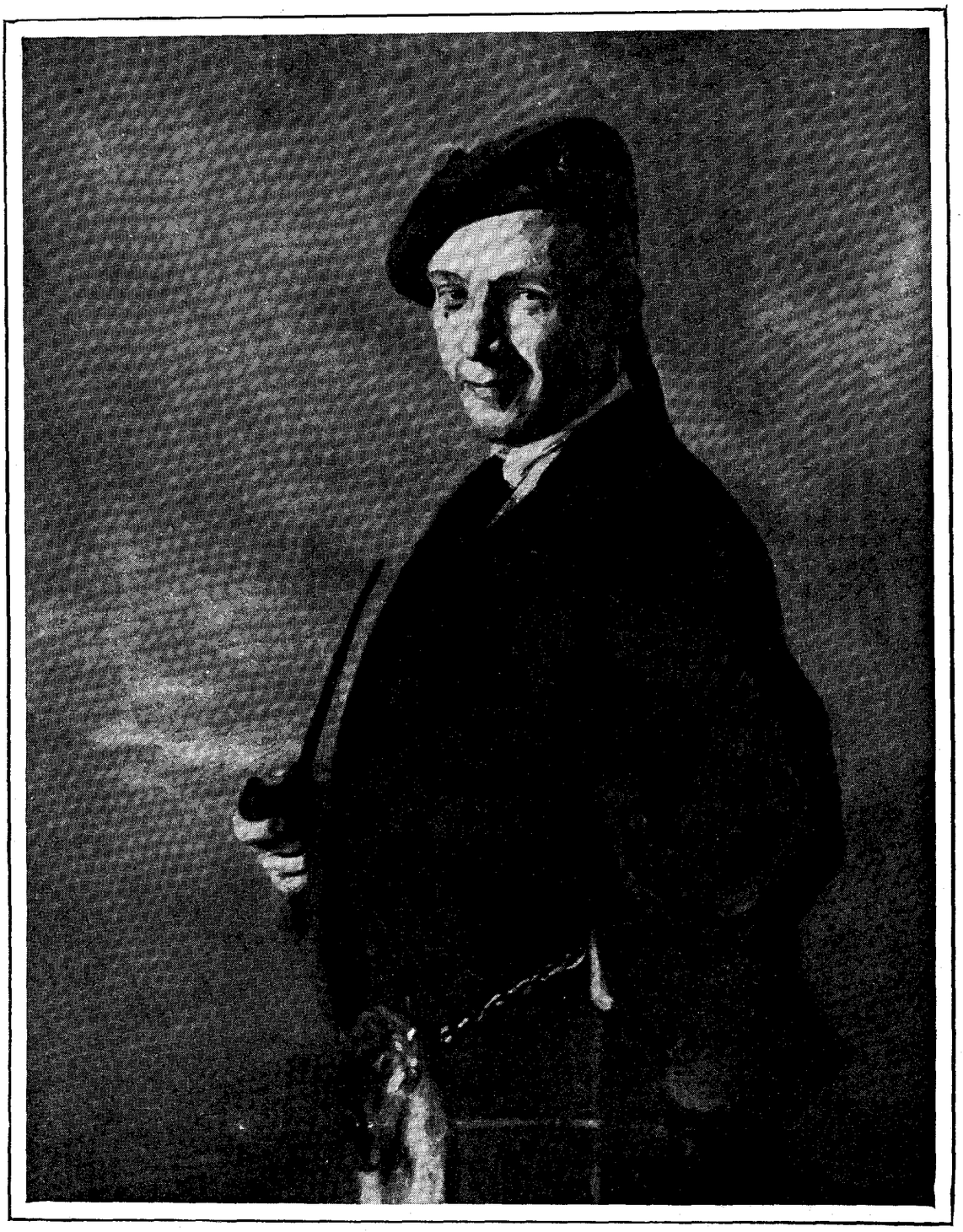
Loan Exhibit



Sir Harry Lauder, by James McBey

At the Grand Central Galleries in New York City an important exhibition of British paintings, including the work of both old and modern masters, is now being held under the auspices of the English-Speaking Union. The exhibition was formally opened on January 10 by Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to the United States, and will continue till February 28. A letter from President Coolidge commended the purpose of the exhibition and Sir Esme Howard's co-operation in "promoting all good and friendly relationship between the two countries." The pictures were selected under the supervision of the eminent artist John S. Sargent. Two of them are reproduced on these pages.

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Gossip from the Tight Little Isle

A London Literary Letter from C. LEWIS HIND

Conrad's Last Days—Beautiful Books—Two Fine Short Stories—George MacDonald

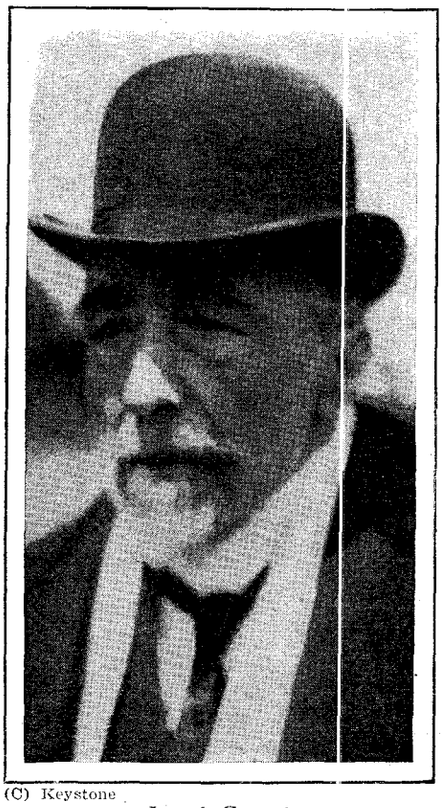
COLLECTORS of "Privately Printed" and "Limited Edition" books, especially Conrad students, will be eager to possess "Joseph Conrad's Last Day," by Richard Curle. One hundred only were printed. I am the fortunate owner of a copy of this slim booklet of thirty-four pages, because I happened to sit near to Mr. Richard Curle at an Authors' Club dinner. We had not met before; but his name was familiar, and, after reflection, I said, "Oh, yes, you were with Conrad at the end." We talked about this seafaring Pole, this deep-hearted, great-hearted Conrad, who taught himself to write deep-hearted, great-hearted English, and who became one of the most famous of living authors; we talked, for I knew Conrad in the old days when he was living not far from H. G. Wells, who had built himself a house on the cliff at Sandgate, Kent; we talked, and a few days later "Joseph Conrad's Last Day" reached me by post.

IT is simply and beautifully written. Mr. Curle arrived at the Conrad house—Oswalds, near Canterbury—a little while before the end, but there was no premonition of it, for the pain that he occasionally felt in his chest was no new thing. Conrad talked of the fragment of a novel, "The Sisters," that had been put aside years before; then of the novel, "Suspense," he was writing, and of the article, "Legends," he was just finishing. "There are about six different lines in 'Suspense' which might be followed," Conrad mused.

Next day the two friends went for a motor drive towards a new house that Conrad was thinking of taking. He liked to move every five years or so. They had gone about four miles, when suddenly Conrad said, "I feel the pain I had a few days ago." He wanted to continue the drive; but Mr. Curle persuaded him to return. He went to his room, to bed; he never left his room again. Later in the day his younger son and Mr. Curle were with him. "Go away, dear boys," he said. "I can't bear you to see me like this." The night passed as the day. In the morning they heard him call, "Here"— They rushed in. All was over.

"He looked," writes Mr. Curle, "incredibly noble and splendid. All the ravage and pain had ebbed from his features, and absolute aloofness and calm were written there. Yes, and a kind of haughty indifference which brought out startlingly the classic grandeur of his face."

I LAST saw Conrad at the dress rehearsal of his play "The Secret Agent," which was founded on his subtle melodrama of that name. As a play I found "The Secret Agent" absorbing, for it was compounded from character, not from events; but it failed to please the public. Conrad had the childlike heart. His attitude towards his play was one of wonder and astonishment that the performers did not act every line. "Actors don't *act* at rehearsals," I explained. "How can they *help* acting?" he cried with that intensity which was one of his most formidable qualities. Intellectually he always seemed to be living to the full every instant of the day. His epithet was intensity. I had meant, had opportunity offered at that rehearsal, to have asked Conrad what he thought of "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," by William McFee, a book in the Conrad *genre* that made a great impression upon me when I read it. I am glad now that I did not ask Conrad his opinion of it, because I have since learned that he felt about Mr. McFee much as William Morris felt when Aubrey Beardsley showed Morris his early drawings. "A man should do his own work," exclaimed Morris. But "Captain Macedoine's Daughter" is a very beautiful and interesting book.



(C) Keystone

Joseph Conrad

I HAVE dealt thus far in this letter mainly with one book only, and that not officially published, because it is impossible even to indicate the extent of the welter of books published at this season of the year. Not one-third of them has adequate review. Half of them are not noticed at all. It is impossible. Aghast at this welter, some publishers encourage the custom of limited editions of beautiful books, such as "The Apocrypha," which has just been issued by the Nonesuch Press. It has been oversubscribed by the booksellers. "The Apocrypha" has gone to a premium; so has the Bible, which is also being issued by the same publishers as a beautiful book. Fancy the Bible and the Apocrypha going to a premium! Bravo, battered twentieth century, which scatters books at us like rain! More and more, I think, will people get their current literature from circulating libraries, and stock their small libraries with beautiful books. My own library is gradually sifting down to anthologies and reference books.

Who can hope to keep up with modern fiction? I am told that novels are being issued at ten per day. In two volumes of short stories that have come my way, "Young Mrs. Cruse," by Viola Meynell, and "Overheard," by Stacy Aumonier, I find a couple of short stories that I would certainly include in an anthology of the best short stories of the year. They are "Pastoral," by Viola Meynell, and "The Friends," by Stacy Aumonier.

AND in the midst of the welter of new books we have found time through meetings and dinners to honor the centenary of George MacDonald—fairy-tale teller, poet, preacher, child-lover, saint. I have put fairy-tale teller first, for probably he ranks to-day with Hans Andersen and the author of "Alice in Wonderland."

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Who Owns Our Railroads?

By HUGH J. HUGHES

Last week Mr. Hugh J. Hughes defined the task of the railroads and the charges that have been brought against them. This week he tells the story of the dollar that railroads receive and the dollar that they spend. He brings the railroad problem home to the doors of the people

THE argument for Government ownership of the railroads is rather simple.

It simmers down to this: That the railroad property values are in large part fictitious, and constitute a perpetual drain upon the shipping public in favor of certain persons who happen to own railroad stocks. Further, that this form of wealth is on the increase, and that its growth should be checked. Finally, that lower rates are a matter of course under Government ownership, and (for each separate business group to which the argument is directed) that "our" group would as a matter of fact greatly benefit by placing the roads in the hands of the Government.

The best way to deal with a mirage is to approach it.

The railroads themselves place a valuation upon their total combined properties—their quarter of a million miles of main-line track, with side tracks, terminals, equipment, and all other properties—of more, rather than less, than twenty billion dollars.

The Inter-State Commerce Commission, required to set a figure on which to base the earnings of the roads under the Transportation Act, and using the prewar costs of replacement, set up a valuation of $18,900,000,000.

If you want to know the market value of the stocks of any of the roads, look over the financial columns in your daily paper.

The Trial by Stocks

I AM quoting at random from the sales of stocks in New York on September 2, 1924:

Baltimore and Ohio, 64¾—$64.75 bought a one-hundred-dollar share of that stock on that date; Chicago, Milwaukee, and Saint Paul preferred, 26⅝; Great Northern, 67⅜; Illinois Central, 111¾; Minneapolis and Saint Louis, 21½; New York Central, 109½; Père Marquette, 1¾; Southern Pacific, 96; Wabash, 43⅜.

What do—what can these figures mean except that the "water" that at one time may or may not have existed in the stock shares above quoted has been squeezed dry out of them?

They mean that if you or I buy shares at these figures, or around these figures, we stand a chance, under present business conditions, to get a fair interest return on our money invested.

These stock prices, which are fairly representative of all the roads of the country, mean that before the owners of the stock certificates can receive anything at all the running expenses of the roads must be paid, the taxes must be paid, the bondholders must be paid their interest, and then, and only then, may the stockholders expect some return on their money invested.

If you'll give this fact a moment of thought, it will be clear that the par value of the stocks outstanding mean little or nothing with regard to the actual current value of the railroad properties taken as a whole. We may as well dismiss them from our reckoning. And with them the whole brood of false estimates as to railroad valuations based upon them. And it is precisely these alleged valuations that are the choice morsels of the so-called "reformer" whose battle-cry is "Government ownership of the railroads!"

But in another way these stock sales do have a most important part in current railway problems.

There are three ways a railroad may secure money: It may earn the money. Or it may induce stockholders, old or new, to place outside capital in the business. Or, lastly, it may borrow.

The Cost of Equipment

TO-DAY the railroads, thanks to the regulations imposed upon them by the State and Federal Legislatures, are not able to charge enough for their services to pay for the wage increases, the wearing out of equipment yearly, the increased costs of new equipment made necessary for replacement, and still have enough left to make the desired and necessary additions to their trackage, terminals, and rolling stock. This new material alone would require a billion or more per year simply to keep pace with the growth of business throughout the land.

But as a rule a railroad cannot legally sell a new issue of stock save at one hundred cents on the dollar. It cannot go out on the market and offer one hundred millions' worth of stocks for eighty million dollars cash. To do so is illegal, even though there are plenty of its stocks selling on the market at sixty cents on the dollar.

The result is that, save in rare instances, new issues of rail stocks are not made—are not sold.

A Bond Is a Mortgage

So when new money is absolutely required for rails or rolling stock, terminals or other enlargements of the system, new bonds are issued—in other words, a new mortgage is plastered onto the property. These bonds, like the mortgage that covers the farmer's home, are secured by specified pieces of property belonging to the railway. Sometimes they are in effect chattel mortgages on some special piece of property. For example, a railroad recently purchased some much-needed passenger equipment on installments, the ownership remaining in the hands of the construction company until the equipment was paid for, exactly as the farmer who is short of money buys a binder on time—the binder not to be in his name until it is wholly paid for.

You can easily see what would happen to your business if year after year, as old machinery wore out and new equipment was made necessary by advanced methods of farming, your income barely covered your living costs and the pay of your hired men. Suppose, in order to get money with which to go ahead and place the farm on a paying basis, you offered to sell half the farm to some one who would go in with you, not for half the money you had already invested in the farm, but for one-half its present value—and suppose you couldn't sell. Then perhaps you could go to the bank and arrange a mortgage, and with the money secured build fences, erect a silo, put on improved stock.

Now before you have food for your own family and after you have paid your hired men you must pay the interest on the mortgage. That is why loans made to a good going concern are looked upon favorably by investors.

And suppose that after a time you

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need another silo, and the fences wear out and must be replaced, and you are scratching to make ends meet, what can you do? Another loan, perhaps, and another mortgage.

Until one day you wake up to the fact that the farm really belongs, not to you, the taxpayer and supposed owner, but to the man who has loaned you money. His investment in the business is equal to or perhaps greater than your own, and without your risks.

That is the situation of the roads at the present time. The outstanding stocks of the railroads amount to about $7,250,000,000. The outstanding bonds (mortgages) of the same roads total in the neighborhood of $10,750,000,000. The physical valuation of the same roads, using the 1914 replacement cost basis, is $22,000,000,000. Under present-day construction costs it would be much more.

It is evident from the figures given that for every dollar par value in stocks there is a dollar in equipment, and that for every dollar of mortgage indebtedness there is another separate dollar of rail properties; and it is evident from the price at which the stocks are selling that the net income, over and above the running costs of the business, is not sufficient to meet both the interest on the bonds and the dividends on the stocks.

The interest on the bonds comes first.

Query: Who "owns" the railroads?

Query number two: Who profits by the present ownership and management?

Manifestly not the stockholders. And as the bonds outstanding draw a stipulated and reasonable rate of interest, the bondholders cannot be accused of filching an extortionate amount of money from the pockets of the people.

"But what becomes of all these millions and millions of dollars that the railroads take in, in the form of freight and passenger revenues?"

A fair question.

Let's Talk About a Dollar

BUT a million dollars is a good deal of money—more than most of us ever have. More than we can well talk about. Suppose we talk about a dollar. This dollar happens to be the average dollar taken in and paid out by the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Omaha Railway for the year 1923.

Figure out fairly, if you can, from the accompanying table, how much of the fuel item, how much of the materials item, and how much of the tax item are wages, and you get the total wage part of the dollar you pay to the "Omaha" for a ticket. It will be in the neighborhood of 70 cents, or perhaps more. And (now I am using figures from another road) the "swollen incomes" of the high-salaried executives deduct a quarter of a million dollars from an annual road income of $120,000,000, or one cent from each five dollars of earnings.

In 1923 the "Omaha" got	$1.00
Out of this dollar the "Omaha" spent:	
For wages to its employees	$.488
For fuel (including miners' wages)	.136
For rails and ties and other repair materials (including wages to miners, steel men, farmers, and lumbermen)	.198
For taxes (including wages to public officials)	.056
For rents	.009
For interest on borrowed money	.091
Improvements and dividends	.022
	$1.00

So the "huge salaries" of the executives can scarcely be charged with any appreciable part of the freight burden.

The gross receipts of the railroads are around $5,500,000,000 per year—an increase of about $1,600,000,000 over the pre-war figure. Part of this comes from increased tonnage, part from increased rates.

Where does it go?

In 1913 the labor bill was $1,339,000,000.

In 1923 the labor bill was $3,043,000,000.

In 1913 the average employee got $761 a year.

In 1922 the average employee got $1,628 a year.

In 1913 the railroads paid in taxes, $118,386,000.

In 1922 the railroads paid in taxes $300,000,000.

It must be clear to any thinking man that if the railroads are paying a low rate of interest on the capital invested, and that if their increased incomes have gone and are going to meet increases in wages and costs of equipment and supplies, the chief beneficiaries of the freight and passenger increases of these recent years are, first of all, the employees of the roads, an army numbering nearly two million people, and their families—a total of, say, nine million persons, or one out of every twelve in the United States. What it means to these people to have their incomes doubled can only be hinted at. Surely it means added buying power, and in that broadened market the farmer shares to some extent.

Would ownership of the railroads by the Government mean cheaper operation? Lower wages? Greater efficiency per man?

During the war we had Government operation. And we had increased wages and lessened efficiency. It is a conclusion from which we cannot escape that were we to have ownership of the railroads by the Government we would have increased rather than decreased costs of operation, higher rates rather than lower.

Why do the agitators for Government ownership try to fool the farmer? The question of rail rates is a question quite apart from that of fair prices for the farmer's grain and live stock. Some other solution for the farmer's difficulties must be found than that of bankrupting the railroads in order that he may sell his products at a profit. Do these agitators believe that by passing ownership over to the Federal Government cheaper rates can be put into effect and the deficits can be added to the tax bills of the people without their knowledge?

If so, let them consult any Canadian taxpayer. The annual deficits of the Canadian National Railways, admirably managed as they are, are worthy the prayerful study of our La Follettes, Magnus Johnsons, and others of like views.

What a Slash Would Mean

THE farmer has nothing to gain from Government operation of the railroads. He has little to gain from further downward rate legislation. If there were, as has been suggested by members of our National Legislature, a horizontal slash amounting to ten per cent on the freight rate on grain, the effect on the prosperity of the farmer of the Northwest would be negligible. The average wheat farmer pays to get his wheat onto the terminal market $63. One-tenth of that is $6.30—an amount that will neither save a farmer from bankruptcy nor drive him out of the wheat-raising business.

But one-tenth off the tariff of the grain-carrying roads means to them a direct loss in revenue sufficient to threaten, if not actually to bring about, bankruptcy.

This land of ours is growing. Its wealth is increasing. Its business is marching ahead. Every new want of the people is thrusting upon the roads a new burden of freight. At least one billion dollars per year for the next ten years is required to keep the service of the railroads up to the requirements of the public it is their business to serve.

It is time that we get down to brass tacks and realize that the "railroad problem" is not a problem for the railroad managements, and still less a problem to be solved by politicians either on the stump or in the halls of Congress, but that it is the problem of each and every American citizen.

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The Future of the Air Mail

By LUTHER K. BELL

Time is money, and money is beginning to shout loudly for the Air Mail. If you want to know what the Air Mail can do for business, read Mr. Bell's article from start to finish

WHEN a small group of Post Office officials, Army Air Service officers, and civilians gathered at College Park, Maryland, just outside the limits of the District of Columbia, on May 15, 1918, there was apparently nothing in the event to mark it as of extraordinary significance. And yet it signaled the opening of a new epoch, not only in the history of this country, but in the annals of civilization.

The occasion was the start of an experimental Air Mail Service between Washington and New York. The time, as most of you who read this will recall, was possibly the most critical period of the World War. The defeat of Germany depended upon the delivery by the United States of personnel and *matériel.* And of *matériel,* one of the most vital factors was aircraft.

For more than a year the despatches from the battle-front had reflected the increasing dominance of the air arm. For more than a year the public had been encouraged to regard the airplane solely as a military weapon, tremendously costly to build, highly dangerous to operate, and holding within itself as an engine of destruction a sinister menace to life and property in future wars.

I believe I am justified in asserting, therefore, that in no country other than the United States, under circumstances such as these, could there have been attempted in the midst of war an experiment in peaceful conquest which was destined within a few years to have the most far-reaching effect upon the world's dissolving concept of transportation and communication.

They're Off!

THE obsolescent military plane which took the air on that spring day seven years ago, guided by an Army pilot but sent upon an official postal mission, pointed the way which the nations must follow if they are to avoid the moral disaster of regarding aircraft primarily as instruments of war and secondarily as vehicles of peace. It was not the postal service itself which bore significance, it was the first practical step toward mastering the air, instead of permitting the air to master humanity. It was, in short, an event which was tersely interpreted six years later by the Hon. Harry S. New, Postmaster-General, in a paper prepared for the Air Institute of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, as "putting aircraft to work."

The Washington-New York Air Mail Service was the first experiment of the sort the world had thus far witnessed.

Colonel Paul Henderson, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, under whose direction through transcontinental day-and-night airplane operations were begun

Practically nothing was then known of long cross-country flights or of the economic phases of aviation. So the Post Office Department had to learn for itself that the operation of airplanes over such a comparatively short distance—about 200 miles—was unprofitable, and that the real field for flying lay in bringing together large centers of population situated 800 miles or more apart.

The Lonely Pioneer

FROM May, 1918, to May, 1921, when the present Second Assistant Postmaster-General, Colonel Paul Henderson, took office, the Air Mail passed through a period of severe experimentation. Offering as it did the principal hope for the development of commercial aviation, holding aloft the torch of inspiration when even the keenest enthusiasm threatened to wane, the Air Mail was a practical as well as political laboratory on behalf of American progress in the air. During that period other experimental lines had been attempted, then abandoned, and little by little there grew the conception of an air line across the continent—a dream for this century comparable to the railway pioneers of a hundred years ago.

The Outsider's Point of View

WHEN Colonel Henderson assumed direction of all postal transportation—rail, marine, and air—he had the very great advantage of being both uninformed and unprejudiced as to what might or might not be the future of the Air Mail. Looking the situation over, he came to the practical conclusion that the Air Mail should perform some economic return, and if it could not do so, then it should be stopped. The service at that time embraced a series of daytime hops over the 2,640-mile airway from New York to San Francisco, via Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, and Reno. No through mail was carried, though a considerable quantity of ordinary first-class mail was accelerated.

Well, Why Not?

UPON analyzing the Air Mail, it was readily seen that the fault lay in limiting operations to the hours of daylight. "Why not fly at night?" was the first question that naturally arose. "Why not?" The Post Office Department advised with some of the military and naval officers, and were counseled against making the attempt. "Too soon," was one comment. "Too perilous," was another. "Unjustified," was a third. Even within the Air Mail Service itself as operated by the Government there was misgiving. But Colonel Henderson, coming to the Department as a civilian, adhered to the civilian's point of view, and thereupon there was begun an effort which culminated late in August, 1923, in the opening of the world's first night-lighted airway.

In the early days of the Air Mail an unsuccessful attempt had been made to collect extra postage. The idea was all right, but it was premature. "Extra pay for extra speed," was sound enough, but the brief effort convinced those charged

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at that time with the responsibility that the real secret of successful air navigation, ostensibly speed, was, as a matter of fact, speed and *organization*. And of the two, those who have had even the slightest acquaintance with transportation will agree that organization is fundamental.

Where History Was Made

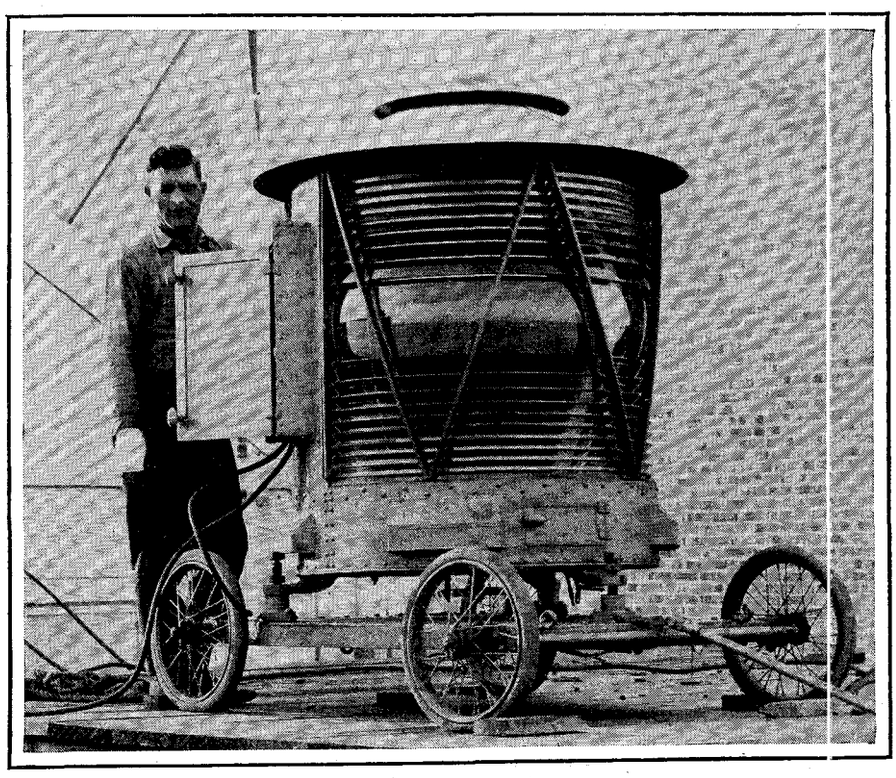
It was my privilege to be with Colonel Henderson and a group of postal, railway, and aeronautic officials on the magnificent Air Mail field at Omaha on a certain midnight in August, 1923, when through transcontinental day-and-night airplane operations were begun. It was an impressive occasion. The great field reposed under a black and impenetrable sky. The air was sweet and heavy with harvest. The boundaries of the huge square were set off with points of electric light—red to warn of power lines, and white otherwise. In the center, protected by an iron grille, was a cluster of piercing red lamps. The hangars, offices, and shops were flood-lighted. Above the hangar the wind cone, lighted also, hung limp against the staff, signifying little, if any, breeze. To one side were the radio and the fifty-foot tower from which, ceaselessly, silently, an electric beam of 500,000,000 candle-power made a complete circuit of the horizon three times a minute.

About midnight the lookout on the tower called the approach of a plane. He had picked up the wing lights while the craft was yet some ten miles east over the corn fields of Iowa. Three minutes later the beautiful birdlike form of the machine could be discerned, and in two minutes more it had landed, its wheels first touching the earth at the red mushroom light. The mail pouches were counted out and checked—"New York, Omaha;" "New York, San Francisco;" "Cleveland, Cheyenne;" "Chicago, Salt Lake City," and so on. Within three minutes from the time the incoming plane from Chicago had landed, the relay, bearing the pouches safely packed in the cockpit, was off and headed straight west. An hour or so later the scene was re-enacted, this time with mail eastbound from San Francisco.

It was fascinating—almost unbelievable—to consider that we, standing at the half-way point on the transcontinental line, had passed through our hands that midnight mail, east and west, which had left the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific in the morning. But it was true, and it was true also that this mail, winging its way onward through the darkness, emerged with the dawn, eastbound at Chicago and westbound at Cheyenne, and late in the afternoon was delivered, in an average elapsed time of 32 to 33 hours. Rail time from New York to San Francisco ranges from 90 to 120 hours.

So the continent had literally been shrunk to one-third its previous size, as measured in terms of transportation!

With slight adjustment and variation this has been the performance in the six months during which the day-and-night transcontinental Air Mail has been in regular operation.



Field flood-light—half-billion candle-power—installed at Chicago, Iowa City, North Platte, and Cheyenne, for the mail airplane service

Getting Down to Work

Upon the conclusion of four round-trip test flights, such as the one just described, the Postmaster-General authorized a month's experimentation. The trials had attracted wide interest in the press and among business men and members of Congress. An appropriation of $2,750,000 was provided, and Colonel Henderson set about the more serious task of organizing the service upon a permanent basis. The night-flying division was defined as the 885 miles between Chicago and Cheyenne, this stretch being chosen because it was for the most part level, and consequently easiest to fly over. Special tariffs were posted for Air Mail, the charge being 8 cents an ounce or fraction thereof for each zone or part of zone traversed by air. One zone extended from New York to Chicago, another from Chicago to Cheyenne, and a third from Cheyenne to San Francisco. The months from August, 1923, to July 1, 1924, when the night-flying appropriation became available, were occupied with engineering preparation and construction. At Chicago, Iowa City, North Platte, and Cheyenne 500,000,000-candle-power beacons, similar to the one at Omaha, were erected, and others of like range installed on the ground for surface illumination. Beacons of 5,000,000 candle-power were erected at thirty-five or more points, and at three-mile intervals there were placed acetylene-gas flashing beacons of 5,000 candle-power. The planes themselves were equipped with wing-tip lamps of 250,000 beam candle-power each, parachute flares, each of sufficient brilliance to illumine a forty-acre field. As further insurance for safety, the pilots were each equipped with the latest type parachutes.

The Cart Before the Horse

A critic of Congress's lack of policy regarding our merchant marine once said: "Instead of hopelessly endeavoring to make it profitable for American lines to operate our ships, let us endeavor to make it profitable for the fruit grower in California, the miller in Minneapolis, the corn farmer in Kansas, and the packer and manufacturer in Chicago to use American ships—then we will be on the way toward success."

Whether or not this was a true observation on shipping, it is, in my opinion, of almost perfect application to our aviation problem. For seven years or more there has been much talk—in Congress and out—of "supporting" aviation. Except among those who shared Postmaster-General New's conviction that

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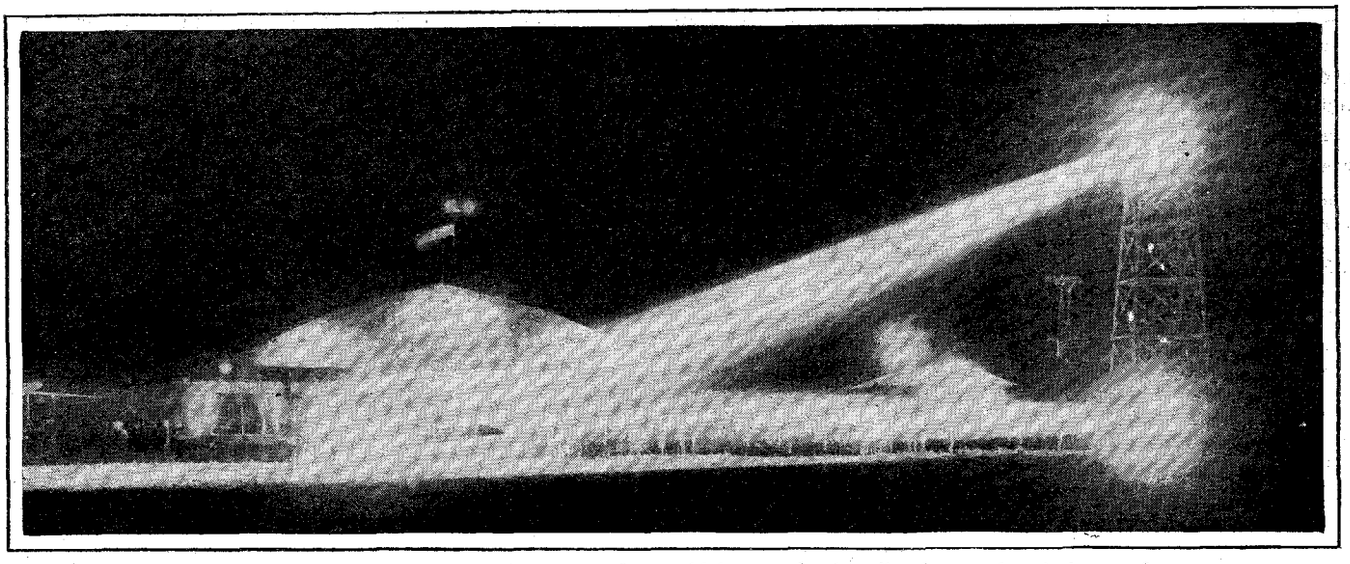

"To one side were the radio and the fifty-foot tower from which, ceaselessly, silently, an electric beam of 500,000,000 candle-power made a complete circuit of the horizon three times a minute"

"aircraft must be put to work," comparatively little thought has been given as to how it can be made "profitable for the public to use aircraft." Yet it required only the practical demonstration of the Air Mail, following the opening of regular service July 1, 1924, to make the adoption of this theory general—particularly among business men and members of Congress.

The Junk Wave

PEEPING into the pouches at Chicago on the night of July 1, I found absolutely the most astonishing collection of curios ever carried, I believe, by the United States mails. In those first enthusiastic days there were thousands of souvenir postcards, boxes of flowers, crates of live chicks, "a day old in New York; two days old in Frisco," suits of clothes, machinery—in fact, a beautiful collection of publicity junk. It all bore excess postage, of course, or it wouldn't have been carried, but it was not very satisfying to contemplate as a regular traffic diet. Nor was it destined to be regular. From July 5 on there was a steady decline until possibly the end of August, but thereafter a fluctuating, yet consistent, increase was noted. It was found that the souvenir mail dropped off, and that little by little new patrons were added. And as these patrons proved through actual use that the Air Mail could operate with reasonable regularity, their mailings were added to, and these letters, in turn, invited others.

The Harding and Coolidge Administrations having consistently urged the adoption and development of commercial aviation by the general public, Colonel Henderson felt that the sensible way to introduce the subject of Air Mail was to take the initiative. The Department, therefore, operating through local postmasters and through the voluntary assistance of local civic bodies, endeavored to reach with as little delay as possible those phases of business likely to be most interested in speeding up communications. The educational work thus performed has had results in complete accord with original predictions. It was found, first, that the bankers and financial houses generally were the ones most intimately concerned with the development of the transcontinental service. "Time is money" means more than an empty phrase to the banker. After the banks came the export and import houses, which, doing business over great distances, valued every moment that could be saved. Shipping and transportation corporations, themselves engaged in the movement of goods or people, were quick to realize the advantages of extra speed. And following these came all that great section of business engaged in manufacturing, distributing, or merchandising upon a Nation-wide scale. Finally, at the bottom of the list was placed the private citizen, for he was regarded as an unknown factor after that very brief period of enthusiasm and novelty.

In contact which I have had in scores of cities across the continent I have become convinced that the transcontinental day-and-night Air Mail in the few months of its existence has done more practically for American aviation than all other efforts combined. This view was expressed to me time after time by bankers in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. It was most succinctly put to me one day while sitting in the office of the president of one of the largest banks in San Francisco. This gentleman was probably about as well informed on general topics as the average leader in business. His time on this particular occasion was extremely limited, but he put all aside in order to talk. And this, in substance, is what he said:

> What aviation needs is personal interest on the part of business. I am patriotically—but academically—interested in National defense. I believe, along with most others, that we must provide for our security. But I believe in the bottom of my heart that our economic resources are our real defenses. So when I am told that it is vital to have military aviation I agree, of course, but dismiss it as something apart from my every-day concerns. But when aviation comes to me, as the Air Mail has come, with a practical service whereby I can increase my business efficiency and add to my personal happiness by improving communication facilities, then I am really interested personally. It seems to me that as aviation demonstrates its practical service *right now*, instead of being presented always in the light of a factor in future wars, will it take hold and become an indispensable part of our economic life.

Business Learns Its Lesson

EXPERIENCE proved our theory. Look into almost any Air Mail pouch, anywhere along the long line, and you will find, as a general thing, that financial mail predominates. Alongside the fat transit envelopes of the biggest banks in the country you will find ships' papers, manifests, bills of lading, and other data destined for our markets abroad. You will find official correspondence from the executive offices of the great railway and shipping companies, thereby putting to ridicule the fear sometimes expressed that the railways are fighting aviation. And in the general field of manufacturing and distribution an Air Mail pouch, in a way, is a cross-section of the adver-

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tising pages of our large periodicals; for wherever there is National distribution there is demand for speed. At last we come to the individual correspondent. He now regards the Air Mail just as he does the telegraph—as an extra-speed service for which he pays an extra charge. If, in his opinion, the message is of sufficient importance to warrant the difference between 2 cents and 8, 16, or 24 cents, he utilizes the planes. It is a curious fact that much of the personal correspondence bears also the special delivery stamp.

Public education is necessarily a slow process. But if you will walk into the mailing department of the larger and more progressive business institutions along the general "belt" of territory served by the Air Mail you will find posted over the chief clerk's desk maps and schedules of the service. You will find in his cash drawer, along with the older issues, and right next to the specials, a goodly supply of Air Mail stamps for daily use. Then if you will step, for instance, to Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York, to Michigan Avenue and Madison Street in Chicago, to Market Street, San Francisco, in front of the Emporium, or to that amazingly busy intersection of Seventh and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, whatever the hour of the day, you are most likely to find some one tracing with the index finger the route of the Air Mail on the waterproof map that surmounts each red, white, and blue Air Mail box to be found in thirty or forty cities of the country.

The Cry for Service

Now it is a truism to assert that what one desires he goes after. What the public wants it gets. And the public wants Air Mail. If you don't believe it, skim through the Post Office Department's files and read the hundreds of letters from cities all over the United States demanding this service. Or better yet, call on the Congressmen representing the districts in which these cities are located, and you will be convinced that the Air Mail has made a real impression on the public mind. "Service" is the word. By this the public does not mean that the Air Mail in the days—and nights—of its infancy shall superhumanly perform. But the public knows that the Air Mail assures service in speed and recognizes that to the degree it is patronized it will become stabilized—and should be extended.

This brings us up to the practical question as to what is to be done? Such a question can be answered only by Congress. It seems, perhaps, almost unbelievable that the Air Mail operates from year to year only by grace of an appropriation which in the past has never got by without a fight. In the early days of railway postal affairs the same condition prevailed, until finally Congress authorized the Postmaster-General to establish railway mail service at his discretion. This authority is now asked for the Air Mail.

Allies in Congress

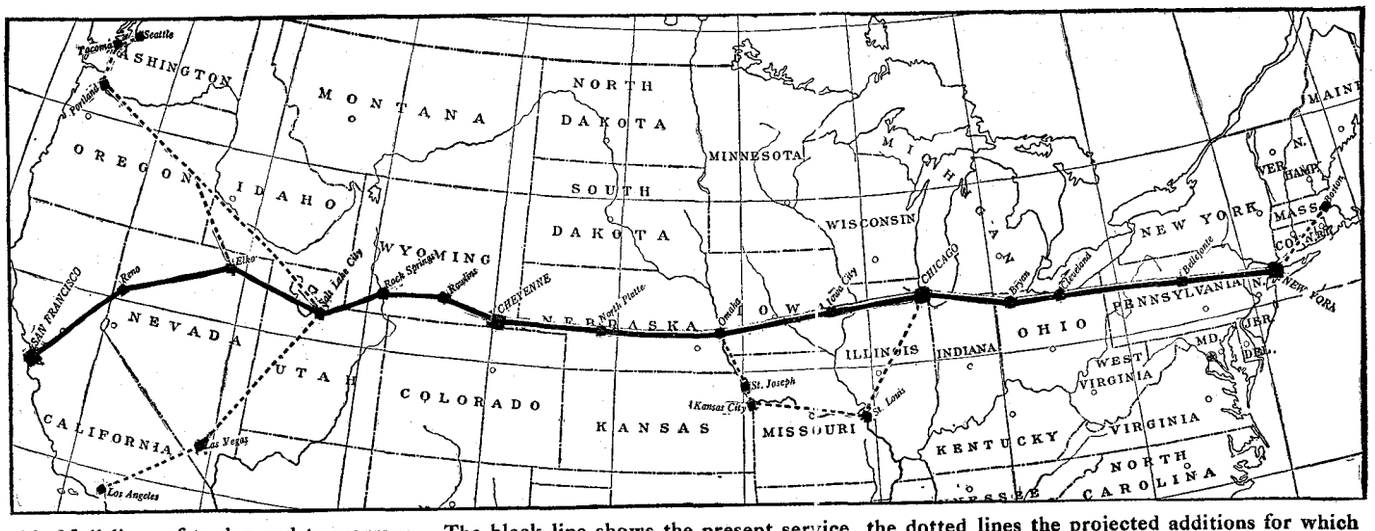
The Hon. F. H. La Guardia, Representative in Congress from the city of New York, who served in the American air forces during the World War, is one who believes firmly that "aircraft must be put to work." He regards the Air Mail as the first practical step. As chairman of the aviation sub-committee of the House Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads, he recently put through the House H. R. 6943, which reads, in brief:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Postmaster-General shall arrange the air routes on which mail is carried by airplane or other flying-machine. The Postmaster-General is authorized to operate and maintain air mail service in any part of the United States and Territories that he may from time to time designate.

The foregoing will place the Air Mail upon a permanent basis and will permit it to develop unhampered. At the same time, however, Mr. La Guardia, on behalf of his Committee, also put through the House the bill known as H. R. 7064, "to encourage commercial aviation and to authorize the Postmaster-General to contract for air mail service." This bill was sponsored by the Hon. M. Clyde Kelly, who represents a Pittsburgh district in Congress, and is in line with the policy of the Department, and of the Administration generally, that commercial aviation must be placed as quickly as possible in commercial hands. How soon this will come about no one knows, but, first, there was needed authority for the Postmaster-General to operate the Air Mail from year to year; and, second, there was needed a basic law upon which, at the right time, private transportation of mail by air might be arranged. Mr. Kelly's bill reads:

> That the Postmaster-General is authorized to contract with any individual, firm, or corporation for the transportation of air mail by aircraft between such points as he may designate at a rate not to exceed four-fifths of the revenue derived from such air mail, and to further contract for the transportation by aircraft of first-class mail other than air mail at a rate not to exceed four-fifths of the revenues derived from such first-class mail.

Whether the Kelly Bill will prove practicable is a question. But it is at least a start—a real start—in the recognition by Congress of aviation as a commercial fact.



Air Mail lines of to-day and to-morrow. The black line shows the present service, the dotted lines the projected additions for which there is the largest demand and the greatest need. It is not yet decided whether the northwest route should branch from the trunk line at Elko or Salt Lake City

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The Swamp in Spate

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Do you like a creepy feeling up and down your spine? A taste of adventure? The exploration of the unknown? Then let Archibald Rutledge be your guide

"A GREAT water, she's gwine to roll."

Such was the oracular announcement of Prince, my Negro boatman. As Malcolm said of Edward the Confessor, of Prince it might also be said, "He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy." Likewise there has always been a native poesy about him; often it found utterance, as it did on that balmy January morning as we stood together at sunrise on the long, lonely rice-field bank. He did not tritely say that there would be a freshet; he prophesied the rolling of great waters. Prince could not read; he had not therefore seen, as I had, the "stages of water" reports in the daily paper; but he sensed that a mighty flood was coming down the Santee. Perhaps, after all, his instinct was more to be relied upon than a press report; for is not instinct ancient wisdom?

Some twelve or fourteen miles above its mouth the Santee divides into north and south branches, and ere these reach the ocean they are a mile apart. Between them is the great delta—a vast inchoate country, with here a gloomy and moldering swamp, there a shimmering reedy expanse; here a warm winding creek, always teeming with wild life, there brakes of swamp blackberries and of canes so dense that little more than the swamp-rabbit and the cottonmouth moccasin (those inveterate enemies, or, rather, that palpitating fugitive and that grim hoary Borgia) can insinuate their way into them. The north end of the delta is almost wholly swamp; and such a swamp as affords at every step of progress through it exciting promise of something to be discovered, exciting fulfillment of some strange hope. Here abides the nameless glamour of mystery; here is suggested the virginal, the inviolate, the alluring, the forbidding. The swamp is a mystic, the keeper of some tremendous secret. I once heard a hunter laughingly remark that if some prehistoric creature such as the brontosaurus ever came to light in the modern world it would not emerge from the dreary fastnesses of Rhodesia or of Patagonia, but from the vast and solemn recesses of the great Santee Swamp.

IT is when the river is in flood that one is afforded some glimpses of the swamp. The sorceress isn't exactly disrobed for a plunge; but the risen waters give a man the chance of approach. As we are nine miles from the sea, feeling there the full effect of the salt tides which back up the freshet waters, and as the boundaries of the river country are there rather narrower than they are lower down, we get the dubious benefits of the flood's full height.

This rise in the Santee's waters is a very much worse thing than it used to be a generation ago. The merciless deforesting of many of the slopes past which the mighty river in its long journey to the sea flows has made it possible for rainfalls to rush unchecked into the tolerant channel. Unfiltered, unabsorbed, these torrents pour into the Santee. In the old days a rise of twelve or fourteen feet in the river was deemed high; freshets lately have been coming over twenty, and one flood rose twenty-six feet. During this deluge I was watching with a Negro field-hand the inundating of many landmarks that had never known the touch of a freshet tide. I asked him if he didn't think there was some possible way to check its stormful advance, its proud triumph.

"Cap'n," said the old philosopher, "things like this ain't meant to be stopped."

The Negro has the Oriental's acceptance of life and its disasters.

IN our region of the river country one of these spates rises for four or five days, remains almost stationary for a day or two, and then slowly recedes. The length of its stay and the height to which it rises depend on both the winds and on the tides; an east wind backs up the water, as does a spring-tide such as the full moon brings. Of course these forces determine only in part a freshet's height. Because of its pent-up momentum and because of the vast suction of the sea tides the falling of the water is more rapid than its rise. The sea is an insatiable thing. I have stood on the beach on Cedar Island, which is at the tip of the delta, and have watched the ocean gulp the ramping affluence of the tawny tide. Into the blue immensity of the Atlantic the river rushed; and the great sea, inscrutable as death, received it in silence, absorbing it miraculously, so that "the place thereof shall know it no more." But the aspect of a freshet at the river mouth is not nearly so impressive as the sight of one in the swamp. Prince and I knew this; for many a year we had seldom missed the opportunity to explore at such a time the mysteries of that shrouded domain.

"Day after to-morrow," I told him, "the water will be getting near its height. We'll leave early, and come back late. You get the boat ready; I'll attend to everything else."

Thus it was that ere sunrise on the second day following we were ready to push away from the plantation shore. The wharf at the river landing has long since been submerged. The strange yellow tide, an alien yet insistently familiar, laps against the shores. Down the pathway on the bank, now under an inch of water, clapper-rails, Wilson snipe, swamp-rabbits, woodcock, and other refugees have gathered. Their presence makes me think of Burke's "Public calamity is a mighty leveler." Along the wild fringes of the river, marshes and margins of duck-oats are drowned; the alders, the shorter cane-brakes, and all the bush growths are fast being submerged. Only the taller trees stand out solitary like lighthouses. The sun of the warm midwinter day is rising; balmy and aromatic are the airs. Behind me in the safe dry thickets towhees and parula warblers are singing. The peace of the calm day is belied by the angry aspect of the surging flood. I always feel at such a time that nature, after completing some fell work of destruction, returns to gaze upon it with a complacent and an alien eye. And such a flood is really destructive; for example, it is a heartless force, disrupting the winter sleep of myriads of hibernators. The effect of such a freshet upon their brumal ease is cataclysmic.

HAVING measured with a thoughtful eye the dimensions and the temper of the spate, I somehow fail to be impressed with the quality of the transportation that Prince has provided for our visit to the swamp. It is indeed a boat; but the man who made a dugout of it started wrong—he chose a cypress log too small for such a purpose. Such an error is, to say the least, fundamental. Our canoe had length, it had a certain tippy grace, it was beautifully made; but it was wasp-waisted for its full length, and over its thin sides, now as it lay innocently against the bank, aspiring little waves leaped freakishly. The craft made

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me think that "Don't enter the ship" might be a better slogan than "Don't give up the ship." Those who are continually crying the latter to their imperiled friends are commonly standing on shore.

"Prince," I protested, "this is the best boat to get drowned in, or from, that I ever saw."

"When old Eli made her," he answered, "he said he might use her for his coffin."

Such was his warm reassurance.

BUT when we were once steadily seated in our frail little craft, buoyantly she rode forth on the broad bosom of the Santee. More than any other tide I know, that of a freshet has a volume and a vehemence. It has a lawless exuberance, a spendthrift vigor. A flood is the triumph of incontinence. It seems a part of that dark power the kingdom of which is of the shadows and abides forever. As the home shores receded the immensity of the flood widened before us. There was a brutal gladness about the freshet that reminded me of certain joyousness in boys, a jocose cruelty. Far up the glimmering river I espied a tall rack of chestnut-colored antlers. There was a gallant buck swimming for his life out of the lonely swamp. He had probably come several miles, but the mainland was now in sight. A deer is a tireless swimmer, but I have seen more than one labor pitifully in the spate's mighty currents.

CROSSING the river, we reached a hushed hiatus—a backwater full of eddies and of trash, to windward of a line of trees, to leeward of a vast cane-brake. The tan-and-green tops of the canes whispered and hissed and rustled as the tide worked nervously with the submerged stems. Against the brake was a deep and long raft of sedge. Upon it nine swamp-rabbits squatted piteously. Knowing little of man, they have small fear of him; and in a flood fear of man in all wild creatures is somewhat abated, tempered as it is by the apparently graver and more immediate menace of the rising waters. More than once when these timid little fur balls of the marsh have come in freshet time to the mainland shore I have caught them with no particular effort. When caught, they cry pathetically. One of the standard sounds of this weird delta country is the shrill wail of a captured rabbit. Many enemies has he—owls, hawks, eagles, foxes, wildcats, to mention but a few.

Through the tree-trunks that marked the line of the lost river-bank we pushed our way gingerly. Here the tide hurried faster—eager, insistent, gulping trash, whirling in soft golden eddies. Though the freshet was at its height, and standing still as far as farther rise was concerned, the movement of the waters continued. Now we came to an ancient cypress, a pagoda-like tree, solemnly squatting in the water. It appeared a shrine of the occult, a place for dim and mystic rites. Against its somber shelter we hove to, and my hand was outstretched to grasp a low-sweeping limb. But a warning cry from Prince checked me. Numbed and distorted by cold, grimly savage over their plight, three huge cottonmouth moccasins lay huddled against the bare matting of boughs that moved sighingly in the current. Here, indeed, if any adventurer felt inclined to explore the undiscovered country, were the malignant ministers for the ultimate rite. They were monstrous old brigands from the vast delta country, mud-besmeared, glaring-eyed, dully furious from having been washed from their hibernating quarters by the unsparing flood. I noticed that, although their bodies were dirty and unkempt, their heads were clean. I got the impression of baleful still eyes, sardonic and watchful, contemptuous lips, massy jaws; sudden death slothfully impending.

"Prince," I said, "they look cold. Will they strike?"

My question was not addressed casually, for Prince is a good deal of an authority on snakes; he is the only man I know who has twice been struck by the cottonmouth and has lived.

"Strike?" he now repeated in incredulous irony. "Strike is the first thing and the last thing they do."

To test his words, I presented a paddle, none too gently, to one of these drowsing monsters.

Swifter than the eye could follow he had struck the soft water-soaked end of the cypress blade. Drops of yellow poison dripped into the yellow tide.

"What will become of these snakes, Prince?" I asked.

"As soon as the water falls some will crawl into bed again, but some will get washed away."

It is a fact that many of these river reptiles are carried on trash and logs out to sea, and that the sea islands near the river mouth are badly infested by them. It is also true that bathers on the summer beaches, as far as thirty miles from the mouth of the Santee, have been horrified to encounter in the surf full-grown specimens of America's most venomous reptile. It has been proved that the cottonmouth secretes more venom of a high virulence than a rattler; the diamond-back is the more deadly because of the formidable size which he often attains. A six-foot cottonmouth would probably establish a record. Such a length for the great swamp-rattler is common. There is one record (from northern Alabama) of an eleven-foot rattler; another (from western Florida) of a diamond-back 11 feet 3 inches. Both of these serpents were taken within the past ten years.

FROM the haunted cypress we passed to a more pleasant scene. Northward from our cane-brake a wide waste delta field had been submerged; but in one place a prodigious growth of reeds managed still to rise above the waters. There must have been five acres of nodding plumes, and from the sanctuary thus afforded there came the pleasant gossip of wild ducks. I knew from their voices that they were black ducks. As a rule, species keep together. Once I heard an old Negro say that mallards had "taken a contract" for a certain preserve; and it is true that the various kinds keep segregated, especially as the winter gives hints of waning. In the South the winter is continually doing that. These black ducks before us were greatly enjoying their sunny retreat. The waters had obliterated their normal feeding-grounds far down the river. At such a time I have seen countless thousands of wild fowl, "in forms and squadrons and right ranks of war," thronging northward to find temporary new feeding-grounds. When flooded out of the delta, they repair to the salt-marsh creeks to the southward and to the great swamp to the northward, where indeed abundant food always awaits them. Into the sere reeds of the sanctuary our lissome canoe insinuated itself lithely, parting the frail obstructions like a water-snake. Immediately upon our touching the sedges five ducks jumped.

"The watchmen," said Prince.

Their cries startled others; then the flock rose. I roughly estimated the number to be five or six hundred. All these ducks jumped in precisely the same manner. A dash downward of the wide-webbed feet, a smart striking of the wings (often on the water), and each duck would bound upward—usually to a height of about five feet. At that height the bird would look awkward and tail-heavy, feet untucked, neck bent and craned. But swiftly comes the righting, the complete recovery of poise, the gathering of graceful momentum. This method of rising seems characteristic of ducks surprised in cover, or in some place such as a deep ditch where a jump is essential to a start.

EMERGING from the reeds, we saw what we took to be a black log drifting. As valuable timber is always to be had in a freshet, we pushed toward it. Cross-ties drifting seaward are easily caught and

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tied up with grape-vines until the water subsides. But a spate is full of surprises. Coming within a few yards of our log, we made it out to be an alligator, roused from his long sleep by this wintry flood. He was not swimming, but drifting swiftly and smoothly, his head and a little of his back showing. This nine-foot monster regarded us with infinite grimness; indeed, I think nothing in nature has a more grim aspect than the set jaws of a bull alligator. His eyes, wide open, glared with a dull cold brilliance. Against such brutal treatment as he was undergoing he seemed to be protesting to the gods in savage silence. This bull was one of the few I have ever seen abroad in the winter, and his presence was compelled. Knowing him as a merciless minotaur, I had it in mind to shoot him; but he appeared a helpless sort of dragon. We let Ladon sail glumly on. How far would he go? Probably he would lodge against some tree or brake, and there exist shiveringly until the subsiding of the waters. Possibly he might drift out to sea, thence to be washed back upon one of the coastal islands. I have a friend who is a gamekeeper on one of those barrier islands, and he has told me that one day, upon going down to the beach to bathe, he beheld a huge bull alligator serenely riding the breakers. An alligator apparently passes without harm from fresh to salt water, and I have known many to live in brackish creeks.

NORTHWARD now we struck toward the fastness of the gray river swamp, mysterious and moldering, moss-hung, solitary, beauteous, forbidding. On our way we passed many refugees. Of these the rails (the soras and the little black rails) took care of themselves best. Perhaps they enjoy a freshet. They travel along sedge heaps, busily probing; they fly across strips of water to patches of bushes; they forage along old drifted logs, and dodge in and out of the sighing tops of the drowning brakes. On one small sedge strip I counted seven of these handsome birds; four others picked their way gingerly through the despairing heads of a suffocating reed bed. Their activity and apparent aplomb amid wide disaster was in curious contrast to the huddled misery of the rabbits. Nothing could be more forlorn than a tremulous bunny, soaked from a long swim, hunched disconsolately on the top of a stump, only too well aware that he is dangerously spectacular. Some of these swamp-rabbits had climbed two or three feet high in vine-covered bushes. The birds seemed to be enjoying the frolic adventure; the rabbits, saturated with self-pity, timorous and palpitant, awaited doom. Such is temperament.

And now Prince and I have entered the fringes of the swamp. It is as if portals of mystery had ushered us in. I had the feeling that death must be like this. A silence, vast, alien, holy, portentous, brooded here. We were in some fabulous cathedral, the solemn aisles and glimmering transepts of which withdrew toward the bournes of eternity. Here the heart was instantly shot through with the sad penetration of the ephemeral nature of the life of man. For here were giant cypresses many of which had been standing these two hundred years; perhaps these same trees had witnessed the escape from the British of the wily Swamp Fox into these very wilds. Manbodied vines, the great muscadines, wreathed the cypresses fantastically. Here are giant pines, towering ninety feet to the first limb. Out of their fragrant crests a faint æolian music breathes, as if from some far-off land. Tall tupelos there are, and stately gums, with here and there a holly or a red cedar rising sixty feet above the water. I have never seen such hollies as those which grow in the swamp. They assume the cone shape of the hemlock, and when gaudily illumined with berries they look like Christmas-trees for Titans. This part of the swamp, as yet untouched by man's hand, has the hush and the inviolateness of some fairy doom.

OUR canoe moved easily through the flooded naves of the dim swamp. In this strange land, though as in some mighty edifice the total effect might be gloomy, there were lyric bright details. Over the tolerant bulk of a monstrous cypress base a wild jasmine disported its clambering grace. Its evergreen vine festooned the gray base of the giant tree, lowering down a tapestry starred with golden bells. Over many of the smaller trees hung mighty wreaths of smilax—verdant ropes fifty and sixty feet long, ending in a vast wreath completely crowning the unhappy victims of these effusive attentions. Here too were the scarlet berries of the swamp-brier, the misty purple clusters of the sweet-gum, the pale, cold mystic berries of the mistletoe. On many trees hung bunches of this gorgeous parasite large enough to fill a two-bushel measure. On all these berries robins and cedar-waxwings were feasting. Thousands of robins would be in sight at one time—a gay, roistering, caroling crowd. Little cared they for a freshet. The stern sweet business of home-making was far behind them and far ahead; now they were disporting themselves on the Riviera. Joyous were these migrants, spending the winter in the South, and doing so without money and without price. A tourist has no such advantage.

After we had come a mile through the shadowy swamp, "The Ridge is ahead yonder," Prince reminded me. This upland of the swamp was discernible afar by the line of tall pines growing upon it. As it is seldom submerged, I knew that we were sure to find many refugees harboring upon it.

Strange are the bedfellows made by a flood. As we drew near the Ridge, I observed many forms moving upon it. Drawing in close, we came upon a motley crowd, reminding me of the old pictures showing refugees from the Deluge. Literally they came down to the waters' brink to meet us. There were some half-wild goats; but all their wildness had deserted them. They huddled down straight for the canoe; and it was their purpose to enter it. Always in flood time certain animals recognize men as possible rescuers, or understand the safety that is supposed to abide in boats, or else feel a violent need of change. After the goats came the hogs—many of them—bristling, long-snouted, snuffing creatures, wild marauders from the swamp's gaunt heart. Yet, all things considered, and despite much general opprobrium heaped upon swine, such hogs are among the most interesting refugees from a flood. They are valiant swimmers, they are fearless to the point of truculence, they are at all times self-sufficient and resolute. Short work they make of any rattlers or moccasins that lodge on the Ridge, or of anything defenseless. Roaming restlessly up and down this lone islet in a waste of spate, they are never disconsolate, futile, or timid. If food becomes scarce, a goat or a sheep will stay on the Ridge and starve; of his own initiative a hog will plunge in the flood, and for miles he will sturdily breast a tide from which many a dauntless swimmer would shrink. Grim and fierce are these tall Arabs. Some of them have ancient notches and slits in their ears, testifying to the fact that man once had a claim to them; but hogs on the Ridge are common property. Prince eyed them with especial interest. From the Ridge to Prince's little strip of land abutting the river the distance is two miles. A hog has a way of swimming straight. After many a freshet Prince has welcomed strangers from the swamp to his home. I therefore appreciated his languishing glances swineward.

AS we moved toward the north end of the Ridge, five great forms launched themselves upward. The sun glistened upon their bronzed backs. They were wild turkeys taking flight. Powerfully off through the cypresses they beat their way. In a freshet these great birds generally take good care of themselves. Often they come to the mainland; some-

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times they stay in the trees of the swamp, foraging assiduously. Occasionally young birds, caught in a region where food is scarce and unaware of the abundance of it elsewhere, become greatly emaciated. But I never knew one to die of starvation. A flood in this part of the country never stays more than a fortnight, and a wild turkey appears capable of enduring a fast of that length. As is not usually known, a wild turkey can swim well. But when I see one in flood-water I know that it is in an evil case. The tide, wetting and chilling the bird, saps its strength. A turkey will seldom deliberately take to the water; but sometimes it will begin to swim when the rising tide covers its footing. Because of its more deft and artistic poise, the hen seems a better swimmer than the gobbler.

We came to a field of small cypresses growing so close that I took hold of them on either side of the boat to help Prince get the craft through the barrage. Swimmers in the freshet tide had nearly always been in sight since we left home; but in this swamp thicket we were to see our most interesting refugee. Almost black he looked, incredibly lithe, gliding rather than swimming, sinuous, swift, radiating a certain wild intelligence. It was a big male otter—hardly, indeed, a refugee, for he was in his element. One moment only he was in sight, then he humped his glossy back, the swirl following him rising abruptly on his glistening stomach, took a header, and was gone. Motionless we sat for five minutes, hoping that he would reappear. But we saw him no more. During my roamings of the Santee Delta and its environs I have not seen many others; but they are there. They have the gift of effacing themselves developed as highly as has the wildcat.

Now we came to a great lane in the swamp—an apparently endless highway that Prince told me had been cut long ago by some men who had tried to take cypress out of this region. They hoped to float the logs down this corridor in freshet-time. They cut the lane before they cut the trees, and the initial cost was so great that the whole project was abandoned. The swamp, therefore, remains inviolate in a peculiar sense, for it has triumphed over a human attack.

We are now seven miles from the plantation house, in the very heart of a region of hushed secrecy. Here is a solitude like that of mid-ocean; a vast inland sea is here, to which the waters seem native and the trees alien. Here in this glimmering abode, apparently so remote from all exterior influences, move forces from the great piedmont country, far to the north, and from the ocean, far to the south. And here Prince and I come to see the swamp in spate—I to dream and to wonder and to be awed; he to be a companion, and perhaps to direct into homeward channels certain strayed swine. I do not know how much he senses of the vastness and mystery of this gloomy Taj Mahal; but I do know that he usually sees wild life before I do, and points it out to me; and he probably has become accurately aware of the spirit of the place, for he says soon after the sun has passed the zenith:

"We must turn home now. It is all right to come into the swamp; but nobody was meant to stay here."

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

"Weber and Fields"

A Review by JAMES L. FORD

UNDER the title "Weber and Fields,"[1] Mr. Felix Isman has narrated, with an unusual attention to detail, the history of the two comedians and of the famous entertainment that enlivened New York for so many seasons. He has done more than this, for he has given us a picture of life in the Jewish quarter of the East Side of New York and the conditions under which the two players passed their boyhood. It is one of the best portrayals of this life and of boyhood conditions east of the Bowery that I have ever read. It differs from the accounts furnished by the professional almoners to whom such a task is usually assigned by magazine editors eager to gratify their readers' morbid taste for misery and horrors. There is no suggestion of misery in Mr. Isman's description, but, on the other hand, there is shown a spirit of contentment under adverse conditions that will surprise and perhaps disappoint the numerous persons who claim an interest in the manner in which the other half live.

Joseph Weber was one of seventeen children whose parents had emigrated from Poland and were living at the time of Joe's birth in a cellar in East Broadway. Fields, who was of like origin, lived with his parents near by, and the two boys became playmates and friends in childhood. Long before they had entered their teens their career as a firm of public entertainers had begun in those cheap places of amusement of which the city possessed so many during the 'seventies. Their first professional engagement was at the Chatham Square Museum, where they did their turn many times a day for the joint sum of six dollars a week. They were nine years old at the time, and regarded themselves as actors. The Chatham Square venture did not last long, and when the house closed for lack of patronage the boys sought engagements in like places of amusement along the Bowery. One of the most prosperous of these places was the Globe Dime Museum, at 298 Bowery, then conducted by George Middleton, later of the firm of Kohl and Middleton, managers of a chain of museums in the West. Middleton, to whom they applied, turned them over to his stage manager, before whom they did their turn. Even then the young lads must have given evidence of talent, for they were engaged on the spot, the manager remarking that he could not pay them much.

"How much?" they demanded, excitedly.

"All I can give is twenty-five dollars a week," was the reply, upon which Fields burst into tears of elation, while Joe comforted him by saying with admirable presence of mind: "Never mind, Lew, we'll take it until we get up to Pastor's."

At this time Tony Pastor was at the head of the variety business in America and a person of great importance, with a long and honorable history behind him. Of a circus family, and with a strain of gypsy blood in his veins, he had begun his career at Barnum's Museum, and later opened a theater on the Bowery. The variety stage at that time was at a very low ebb; the theaters were little

[1] Weber and Fields. By Felix Isman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $3.50.

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Courtesy of Boni & Liveright

Weber and Fields—Drawing by Frueh

better than dives, and frequented only by men. To Mr. Pastor more than to any other man is due their regeneration, and it was he who made his theater so clean and decent that respectable women became a large element in his patronage. About the time that the young actors applied for work at the Globe Dime Museum Pastor had established himself for a single season on Broadway opposite Niblo's Garden, where he introduced to the public Lillian Russell, who afterward became an alluring member of the Weber and Fields Company. It was the boys' ambition to play for him, but he told them to wait until they were older, and many years later he was glad to procure them at a large salary.

It was their ambition at this stage to appear on Broadway, and, failing Pastor, they turned their attention to Bunnell's Museum, but were unable to secure an engagement. By chance they heard a drunken sailor maundering about a one-eyed Chinaman whom he claimed to have seen in his travels. This gave the boys an idea, and they caused it to be made known to Bunnell that a man of this description actually lived in Doyers Street and had but one eye, and that in the middle of his forehead. Bunnell became greatly excited at the thought of securing such a human curiosity, and gave the boys time at his house in the hope of learning from them the Mongolian's whereabouts. Craftily they strung the showman along for several weeks until at last he became suspicious, took them down to the Chinese quarter and commanded them to produce the single-eyed one. Realizing that the game was up, they confessed the hoax and were forgiven.

By degrees the boys improved their various turns, and were soon covering a wide range of territory and gaining popularity with variety audiences from Boston to California. They were still young men when they organized a traveling company of their own, taking financial risks that seem unbelievable to those reared in an age when the theater has become thoroughly commercialized. With the amount of capital generally designated as a shoestring, they engaged first-class variety talent, pawned their jewels, borrowed from friends, and contrived to set three companies afloat. Their next step was the leasing of the premises at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, which became their permanent home and gave to New York the finest entertainment of its kind the city had ever known.

The generation of playgoers that delighted in this entertainment and is not yet senile will read with genuine interest Mr. Isman's careful recital of the history of this house, of the various pieces produced by Weber and Fields and the company that interpreted them. His comments on the talents of the different performers seem to me extremely just, and I am glad to note his appreciation of the late Peter F. Dailey, to my mind the most gifted and spontaneous fun-maker who ever caught the spirit of Broadway. Like his employers, Dailey was a product of one of New York's lower wards, but, unlike them, he was not of Jewish birth but of New York Irish. The most quick-witted of entertainers, he was never slow to throw in a line or gag of his own when occasion demanded. Mr. Isman might have devoted more space to an account of Dailey's methods of distributing the flowers on a first night, with a running fire of personal remarks that were always amusing and never unkindly.

More might have been said also of the remarkable gifts of Miss Fay Templeton, shown not only in her acting but also in her amazing talent for mimicry—and acting and imitating lie very far apart. Miss Templeton learned to act as a young girl when she roamed the country with the Templeton Company, a family affair managed by her father, in which her mother played the principal female parts. Mimicry came to her naturally, and expanded under the Weber and Fields management. Miss Russell remains with us such a near and dear memory that little need be said of her beauty and charm. John T. Kelly, an Irishman of broad but genuine humor; Willie Collier, the best farce actor in this country, and Charles J. Ross are also favorably remembered.

Much that Mr. Isman narrates has long been made known to me by the boys themselves, and, accustomed as I am to mendacious biography, I have been surprised at the accuracy of its recital. The main facts of their history and the various episodes to which public attention is now drawn have been known to me for years, and, so far as I know, every detail of the account may be relied on. If Mr. Isman errs, it is in unimportant details which he has perhaps made a little

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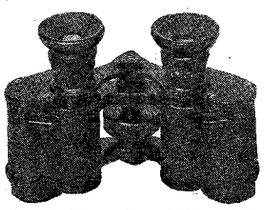

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The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

BYRON. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. With Two Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $5.

The recent appearance of Lord Lovelace's "Astarte," "Lord Byron's Correspondence," and Nicolson's "The Last Phase" has caused the revision of this standard work. It was first published in 1912, and is still the best full-length biography of Byron. Miss Mayne approaches her subject as neither assailant nor advocate. She understands him: "Byron's definition of happiness was excitement. Hobhouse found such excitement merely a weariness—and knew it. Byron, in the long run, found it a weariness too, but seemed unable to realize that he did. . . . The ambition and the pusillanimity of his vanity were ever at war with each other—the one driving him, in fancy, to flagrant revolt against convention; the other bending him, in actual life, meekly before it."

A work both spirited and authoritative, invaluable for all students of Byron and Byronism.

Mr. Gladstone Listening

From a drawing by Harry Furniss, in "Some Victorian Men." Courtesy Dodd, Mead & Co.

SOME VICTORIAN MEN. Written and Illustrated by Harry Furniss. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4.

Harry Furniss died recently, only a short time after the publication of this book. In it he describes as a writer can, and still better as an artist can, many of the great Englishmen of a past reign. Gladstone, with the great collar, which it was alleged he increased in size to keep pace with Furniss's pictures of it; the suave Disraeli; the excitable Swinburne; and the difficult Lewis Carroll, all figure here with many others. He wrote books, he drew caricatures for "Punch," he lectured, and he observed the great and the conspicuous with the eye of a humorist.

He illustrated Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno," and did it with great charm, after Sir John Tenniel had flatly declined to illustrate any more books for that most fussy of mortals—the Rev. Charles Dodgson. Lewis Carroll has left a legend of rare attractiveness behind him, but his illustrators were driven nearly frantic by his methods. He used to count the lines in a half-inch space in a drawing by Tenniel and then in a drawing by Furniss, and ask the latter to explain the difference in number!

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

STALKING BIG GAME WITH A CAMERA IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA. By Marius Maxwell. Preface by Sir Sidney F. Harmer, Director of the British Museum. The Century Company, New York. $9.

Of all the amazing pictures of wild African animals which we have seen in the past ten years, these are the most remarkable, and often the most beautiful. Mr. Maxwell's text is interesting, but his

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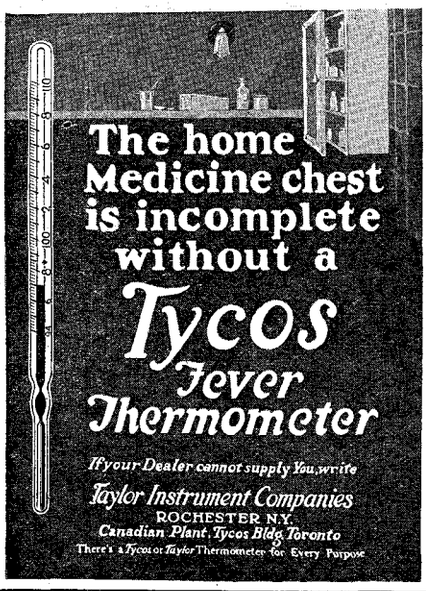
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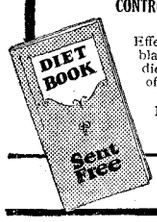

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photographs of large and often dangerous animals are extraordinary evidences of his skill, patience, and courage. The head-on photograph of the large bull elephant at a distance of only about eight yards, the many views of elephant herds, the galloping giraffes, the buffalo, the hippos, and the charging rhinoceros are some of the features of a book about which it is not easy to write except in superlatives.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

CHARLES FRASER. By Alice R. Huger Smith and D. E. Huger Smith. With Numerous Illustrations. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. $12.75.

The work of a noted early American miniaturist is illustrated here, and the artist's life-story told. The pictures form a gallery of Southerners of distinguished families, and the text sympathetically, but without undue eulogy, furnishes an interesting running commentary on the pictures. Fraser painted Lafayette's portrait when he visited Charleston in 1825, and Lafayette wrote: "Your admirable miniature portrait . . . has produced another kind of excitement among the artists of Paris. I am proud to show this beautiful specimen of American Art." A handsome memorial to Fraser and well worth doing.

FICTION

TEMPERAMENTAL PEOPLE. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

Some of these eight short stories, notably the first, "Her Majesty the Queen," show an advance upon the author's former work in constructive unity, the centering of dramatic interest on a single poignant situation. On the other hand, the humorous tales are not as laughter-starting as her "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave." Mrs. Rinehart is one of the few novelists who get, and deserve, a large reading for her collected short stories.

WAR BOOKS

SEABORNE TRADE. By C. Ernest Fayle. Vol. III. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $7.50.

This is the concluding volume of the British semi-official history of seaborne trade during the Great War. The author had access to the official documents in possession of the British Admiralty and Board of Trade, but is alone responsible for the handling of the material and the deductions reached. The entire work covers some fifteen hundred pages and includes useful tables and vivid diagrams. It is an impartial, judicial, lucid, and readable analysis and synthesis of a huge mass of documentary evidence; an "indispensable" book. The final chapter, "The Legacy of the War," is of quite extraordinary value.

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Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Death Duties—Again

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THE State of Florida is advertising very frankly in the press that it has no inheritance tax law and that, furthermore, its Constitution does not permit the enactment of one. Florida thus asserts itself as an excellent place, not only in which to live, but in which to own property and to die, its residents escaping the manifold complexities and injustices of the death duty legislation of other States. Of the forty-eight, Florida and Alabama are now the only States which do not tax the transfer of property of decedents.

The gradual development of estate tax laws, conflicting or rather overlapping from State to State, has brought about a situation which the original advocates of the inheritance tax

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probably never dreamed of. In this department on September 10, 1924, I touched briefly on the general nature of these laws and their effect on property-owners. In this article I want to write chiefly of their bearing on the selection of investments, with particular reference to the avoidance of inheritance taxes.

Surely it is justifiable to endeavor to escape by legitimate means from an almost intolerable conflict of laws. It is not tax-dodging to refrain from purchasing securities which will be overtaxed. It is tax minimization in a situation where, without great care, taxation can, literally, mean confiscation of property.

The basic unfairness of the situation lies in the fact that the same property may be taxed several times. For example, because inter-State railroads are incorporated in more than one State a share of railroad stock may be levied against for death duty in each State through which the line passes in proportion to the mileage in each State. To illustrate, in the case of the Boston and Maine Railroad, 8.2619 per cent of the value of each share in an estate is taxed in Maine, 40.2057 in Massachusetts, 44.01143 in New Hampshire, and 6.7130 in New York. This means that before the executor of an owner of a share of this stock, who may be a resident of Oregon, can sell it to settle the estate he must pay taxes in Maine, New Hampshire, and New York in accordance with their local laws and the awkward fractions above quoted.

To indicate briefly some of the complexities of the situation, I quote from an admirable recent summary: [1]

> Each State taxes the entire estate of a resident decedent and, in general, the property of a non-resident decedent to the extent that such property is located within the State or is otherwise within the taxing jurisdiction. Thus about 80 per cent of the States impose the tax on stock of a corporation organized under the laws of the State belonging to the estate of a non-resident decedent, even though the stock certificates are physically located outside of the State—for example, in a safe-deposit box in another State. . . .
>
> Bonds (registered or coupon) of corporations organized within the State, owned by non-resident decedents, are taxed by 60 per cent of the States if the securities are physically located within the State. About 50 per cent of the States tax registered bonds located outside of the State, and 40 per cent of them tax coupon bonds located outside the State. (The tax on coupon bonds is not always collected, because of the difficulty of

[1] State Inheritance Taxes in Relation to Investments, 1924. Sinclair, Murray & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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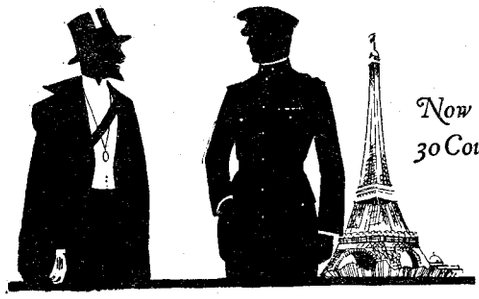

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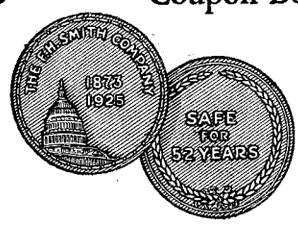

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THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

obtaining records of ownership.) Almost as large a proportion of the States impose a tax on the transfer of their State or municipal bonds owned by non-resident decedents.

Further, some States have special and burdensome requirements which, as they do not bear directly on the character of securities, need not be mentioned here. The fact is that the inheritance tax—meaning by this, all the inheritance taxes together, because they all act together—is much more burdensome than the income tax. A resolution adopted last autumn by the American Bankers' Association puts the case in a nutshell: "The present system of imposing estate, transfer, and succession taxes in the United States, by which the Federal Government and the several States impose separate, diverse, and accumulative taxes, resulting in the duplication of such taxes, added expense of administration, and an unnecessary delay bearing unequally upon different estates and making possible the practical confiscation of estates, has become well-nigh intolerable."

There are three questions which the investor should ask if he wishes to safeguard his estate as far as possible against the evils of this situation: *First,* In what State or States is the company incorporated? *Second,* Will the securities be subject to inheritance tax if held by a non-resident? *Third,* if taxable, what exemptions are allowed to the various classes of beneficiaries by the State or States in question? What tax rates apply to amounts in excess of the exemptions?

Suppose you are a resident of New York State, or suppose you own stock in corporations incorporated in New York State. You will find on study that the law can be summarized something like this:

Bequests to public, religious, and certain similar organizations are exempt. Bequests to father, mother, husband, and wife have an exemption of $5,000. Bequests to lineal descendants, exemption $500. Beneficiaries are grouped into three classes and the tax is based on this classification, running from one up to eight per cent of the total of bequests up to $25,000 over and above the exemptions just noted. Estates of persons who did not live in New York pay a tax computed on the basis of the proportion of the New York property to the entire estate.

I am aware that this is not particularly interesting. I have cited the New York law, partly because it is more or less typical, and partly because the mere reading of a brief abstract of it indicates the complexities which one is up against when even the simplest question regard-

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ing inheritance taxes is raised. Nevertheless we have a complicated situation, and he who would most carefully conserve his property for the benefit of his family *must* be cognizant of the facts.

The best advice I can give to my readers is this: List your investments and note opposite each the answer to the three questions in the fourth paragraph above. Then secure the services of the proper official in your investment house or bank, if you live near a large city, and get his assistance. You will find that investment houses are thoroughly aware of the intricacies of the inheritance tax laws and have sound suggestions to make. You can also secure from the Treasury Department at Washington a copy of the Federal Estate Tax Law and from your own capital a copy of your State estate tax statute. From these, with advice and study, you can learn much of value.

Sinclair, Murray & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, have published a very useful compilation of inheritance tax laws, which is, I understand, available free or for a small charge. It gives the State of incorporation of several hundred leading corporations whose securities are widely held, and in addition briefs all the State laws and tells which States tax stock certificates and bonds located in and out of the boundaries of the State.

The inheritance tax situation is due for a house-cleaning, and there are several influences actively at work attempting to reform it. It will be reformed in the course of time—but only in the course of time. Meanwhile, a word to the wise is enough.

ONE of our readers recently requested us to discuss annuities. "I understand," he wrote, "that some of the life insurance companies are offering a new form of annuity by which, in case of early death, the annuity payments are continued or paid in immediate cash in such amount as will bring the total of all payments up to the sum equal the amount paid for the annuity."

To answer this question and to give readers of this department some really comprehensive idea of annuities, I have secured the following succinct statement from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company:

> At the present time the discussion of annuities divides itself into two broad fields: the individual annuity with its variety of forms, and the annuity that lends itself as the basis of pension plans adopted by employers. Unfortunately, relatively few employers appreciate the importance of annuities as this basis; but the idea is being promulgated and results are beginning to show. The question asked apparently applies more particularly to the individual annuity.
>
> The simplest form is to agree to pay a man so much money a year as long as he lives, with the payments to cease with the last one prior to his death. These payments can be made annually, semi-annually, quarterly, or monthly. While it is not the universal practice, some companies make the annuity what they call "complete," by paying a proportionate amount at the date of death; that is, a payment in the same proportion of the periodical payment as the days lived since the last payment bear to the period. In the event of the death of the annuitant all payments cease, and the purchase price, or whatever is left of it, if any, reverts to the company. This is obviously the cheapest form of annuity.
>
> The next form provides some return in the event of death of the annuitant. Some annuitants dread the prospect of dying before all of the consideration paid by them has been returned in annuity payments, the feeling of course being that the company profits to this extent by their death. It therefore appeals to them more strongly to have the company agree to make a

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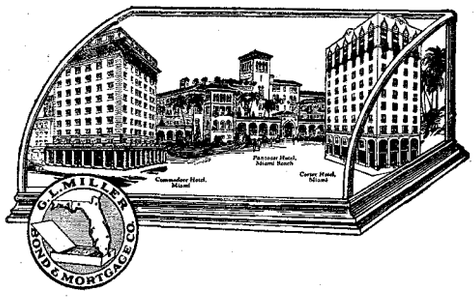

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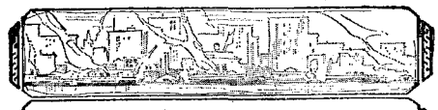

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The Outlook wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of The Outlook
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

payment in event of death equal in amount to the difference between the consideration paid and the annuity payments made. This is sometimes varied by having the annuity payments guaranteed for a period of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, so that should the annuitant die the payments would be continued to another annuitant.

Another form of individual annuity is where the first payment to the annuitant is deferred a number of years. For instance, a man aged thirty may plan to provide for his old age and desire an annuity of $1,000, with first payment commencing at age sixty-five. Here he would contract with the company to the effect that in consideration of either one single payment or annual payments during the next thirty-five years the company would upon the annuitant attaining age sixty-five commence to pay him the annuity as stated. If the annuity is desired at age sixty or seventy, the principle is the same. Should the annuitant die before attaining the age at which the annuity commences, the return of the estate could be nothing, or the premiums paid, or any flat amount of insurance, as agreed upon.

From Inquiring Readers

We do not set up to be expert in income-tax matters, but here is an income-tax question which we gladly investigated and answered. One of our readers wished to know whether the dividends of co-operative banks are or are not taxable under the Federal Income Tax Law. The regulation is as follows:

"Dividends or interest received by an individual before January 1, 1927, from domestic building and loan associations, substantially all the business of which is confined to making loans to members," may be omitted from income. "But the amounts excluded from gross income under this paragraph shall not exceed $300 in any taxable year."

It should be remembered, as the time approaches for making out and filing your income-tax return, that in addition to the law there are regulations, issued by the Government, which interpret the law and set forth the attitude of the Internal Revenue Department toward difficult points. Copies of these regulations are available at all collectors' offices and in most banks and trust companies. When in the least doubt, consult them.

A woman in California has a $3,000 trust fund, about which she desired investment information. The fund is for the benefit of her child, who is under ten years of age. Her first question to us

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concerned the real estate bonds of one of our valued advertisers:

"—— bonds," we replied, "are investment bonds. As we have pointed out several times in the Financial Department, it is unwise for too large a portion of any fund to be invested in any one class of security, particularly in a security which is not marketable through the stock exchanges.

"American Telephone is an investment stock. I do not know whether it is owned in large blocks or not. The company has made careful efforts to have it distributed as widely as possible because of its belief in the value of customer ownership.

"If you divide your fund into six more or less equal parts and invest one in real estate bonds, another in telephone stock, and the other parts, either $500 or $1,000 each, in a good investment bond of another type, say a power bond and an industrial, you will have diversified your holdings and provided reasonable safety."

ANOTHER reader who submits a list of securities is a woman in Illinois. Our answer was as follows:

"The only stock in the list which you submit which is really an investment security is the Commonwealth Edison preferred; this is rated A by Moody. The other stocks fall in the B class, which means that the speculative element is considerably stronger than the investment quality.

"Diamond Match is rated Baa, which makes it very nearly an investment; Armour and Central Illinois, together with Middle West Utilities cumulative prior lien preferred, are rated Ba.

"None of these stocks is a 'gamble.' We do not know just what you have in mind, but they are reasonably safe stocks, though not in the investment class, strictly speaking."

TO readers of this department who may have been inconvenienced by a few days' delay in receiving answers to their questions we wish to make this statement: Exact and reliable information on all securities is not carried in the editor's head, and is not inevitably available at a moment's notice. We prefer delay to inaccuracy, and we believe that our inquirers have the same preference. A recent question about a certain investment house required special correspondence at long range and occupied a week's time. We have another question which will stay in the file allotted to pending business for at least a fortnight; but when we give our final answer it will be one on which we can confidently stand.

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From a Diary, "The Pelham Party"
Extract No. 4

Lucerne, July 9th. The drive through the Italian Lake country was another unforgetable experience—along the shores of blue waters, shimmering in the golden sunlight, with the green hills rising on all sides. These three days by the Italian Lakes were our "Good-bye" to Italy, for our next drive was over the Alps, past tiny hamlets where peasants with great rakes gathered the scant grass in the folds of the hills, past hollows where the snow still lay unmelted by the side of the road, within reach of our hands as we whirled by—into the very heart of Switzerland, the country of mountains. We spent the night at Brieg, a fascinating village high in the Alps, and then drove to Montreux, on Lake Geneva, with the frowning old castle of Chillon by the side of the quiet waters. From Montreux, we went by the Brünig Pass to Interlaken, under the nose of the Jungfrau, and from here we made several most interesting excursions into the country roundabout; through the picturesque Valley of Lauterbrunnen, with the glory of the Staubbach Falls at its head, and then to the Grindelwald Glacier. A winding passage cut into the ice leads into the glacier itself and I have never seen anything more enchanting than that crystal chamber, hollowed out of the glacier with the sun through the thick wall of ice turning it to a blue radiance. Another wonderful ride brought us to Lucerne with its arcaded old bridge and the lion on the side of the mountain.

We have had over a week in Switzerland now, in the most marvelous part of the Alps. We have seen their snowy peaks faintly rosy in the glow of sunset or gleaming white in the brilliant sunlight. Our long drives have shown us a great deal of the country and the people, and not even Paris, with its gayety and its shops, will dim the memory of these impressive scenes.

Tomorrow we start on the long drive to Paris. It seems unbelievable to me at times that I should really be here. How often have I dreamed of the day when I should see Paris, and tomorrow that day will be here. . . . It seems too wonderful to be true.

To be continued

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Watching margins with omnipercipient eye
So none may suffer. Then the manager
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With eyes severe and beard of formal cut;
Full of wise quips, but with reserve to spare.
And so he plays his part. The sixth stage shifts
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Two pads of "Buy" and "Sell" before him, and his drone
Calls out quotations in a monotone
Which sometimes quivers. The last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
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—*"Jason" in the Boston "News Bureau."*

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CHARLES S. HARTWELL.
Brooklyn, New York.

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MIDDLE aged Protestant woman as housekeeper-companion for business man and his wife in a central Massachusetts town. References required. 5,724, Outlook.

MOTHER'S helper, between ages of twenty-five and forty-five, for boy one year old and to assist with school girl of six years. Experience and best references required. Good salary and comfortable home 17 miles from Philadelphia. Write Box 221, Devon, Pa.

WANTED, for small camp of little boys, this summer, a gentlewoman and 2 daughters as chef and aides in dining-room. 5,716, Outlook.

WOMAN—Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence capable of earning $100 a week. Previous business experience not necessary, but experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Arrangements made for joining organization now or in the spring. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commission basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

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GRADUATE nurse, adaptable, wishes to travel with patient. Highly recommended. Speaks English, German. 5,728, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER in small family or widower's home where one child would not be objected to. References exchanged. Mrs. Alice Potter, Dorset, Vt.

MIDDLE aged lady, companion to active lady or grown children. Will travel. Experienced. Address 532 Rhode Island Ave., Norfolk, Va.

REFINED young lady, teacher, desires position as companion to lady or tutor to children. Will travel. 5,721, Outlook.

WOMAN of culture desires position as traveling companion, housemother, or hostess in fraternity or sorority. 5,717, Outlook.

By the Way

A WELL-KNOWN New York City lawyer, in addressing the students of Fordham Law School, gave utterance to the following "don'ts" as helpful to ambitious young lawyers:

Don't be late for court.

Don't come in displaying a fur coat and an air of importance.

Don't carry an expensive leather briefcase.

Don't make notes; train your memory.

Don't eat a big meal at recess.

Don't use big words.

The United States goes to Canada, according to the London "Round Table," for two-thirds of its supply of newsprint paper, made from wood pulp. But Canada's merchantable forests will be exhausted in twenty-five years, says the same authority. And why? For one thing—fires! Two billion six hundred million cubic feet of wood are cut from Canadian forests each year, and 2,900,000,000 cubic feet are burned in forest fires! No wonder the "Round Table" characterizes this state of things as a "light-hearted want of foresight."

From "Pickup:"

A rich but very eccentric man died. The clergyman, who was young and new to the parish, thought it a fitting opportunity to call and comfort the widow. "You must not grieve," he told her. "The body that lies here is not your husband. It is merely a husk, an empty shell—the nut has gone to heaven."

Señor Zuloaga, the famous Spanish painter, who is visiting America for the first time, is a poor sailor. An interview tells us that he would have come to see us twenty years ago but for his dread of the sea. "The thought of all that ocean to be crossed again," he said, "is the only thing that mars my delight at being here."

From the Chicago "News:"

He risked his life to rescue the fair maid from a watery grave, and, of course, her father was duly grateful.

"Young man," he said, "I can never thank you sufficiently for your heroic act. You incurred an awful risk in saving my only daughter."

"None whatever," replied the amateur life-saver; "I am already married."

The widespread illusion that there are "unclaimed millions" in the Chancery Court of Great Britain waiting the appearance of the rightful heirs is dispelled by an English paper, which says that the total amount of unclaimed money falls short of a million pounds. Half of the unclaimed sums are less than £150, and the average of the 3,000 accounts is about £300. To get any of these sums from the Court would probably cost more than the amount of the account, for the claimant must prove that he is the sole heir of the person named in the account, which would be difficult and costly in most cases.

A "howler" from the State University of Iowa is contributed by a subscriber. It appeared in an examination paper in the "history of painting" course:

"At the left of Jesus in the Last Supper sits Judith."

And here are two "howlers" from the "Quinn Courant:"

"An exposition is a celebration or jubilee after an event has happened 100 years."

"The pure food law was that they should put on the outside of the bottle what they have on the inside."

From the "Harvard Lampoon:"

"When I left college I didn't owe any one a cent."

"What an awful time to leave."

From "Punch:"

Sailor (just home from "Empire Cruise")—"Sorry, old girl; I tried hard to get you a monkey, but I 'ad no luck."

Fond Wife—"Oh, it don't matter, dear—I 'ave *you*."

That was an impressive memorial service for dead policemen in New York City which was held recently at the Heckscher Foundation Theater by the Honor Legion of the force, composed of men who have been cited for meritorious conduct while on duty. The roll of 152 names of those who have died since 1912 was called, and as each name was uttered a voice answered, "Absent," or "Killed in the performance of duty," and a candle in a great chandelier was extinguished. Among the honorary members of the Legion to whom tribute was paid were Colonel John Jacob Astor, John Purroy Mitchel, and Andrew Carnegie.

From the "Denison Flamingo:"

Rume—"Whence the black eye, old thing?"

Mayt—"Oh, I went to a dance last night and was struck by the beauty of the place."

Answer to conundrum in last week's issue: The pen.

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